

THE SPEAKE

A Review of Politics, Letters, Science, and the Arts.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE]

[FOR INLAND

VOL. IV.—No. 91.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE appointment of SIR JAMES FERGUSSON as Postmaster-General is one of those acts which are inexplicable to the outside world. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has certainly not been so conspicuous a success in political life as to have earned the promotion he now receives, whilst it is certain that LORD SALISBURY might easily have found a successor to MR. RAIKES whose qualifications no one would have denied. The Secretary to the Treasury, MR. W. L. JACKSON, seemed, for example, to be cut out for the appointment; but MR. JACKSON belongs to the mercantile middle-class, and this may account for his being ignored in favour of a representative of the country gentlemen. So mysterious is the appointment of SIR JAMES FERGUSSON that in some quarters it is suggested that the reason for it is LORD SALISBURY'S desire to test public opinion in Manchester, for one of the divisions of which SIR JAMES sits. If this be the case, we are glad to see that the Prime Minister will have the opportunity he desires. SIR JAMES FERGUSSON is to be opposed by MR. C. P. SCOTT, whom he defeated in 1885. MR. SCOTT is an exceptionally strong candidate, a man of culture, ability, and great political knowledge, under whose most capable editorship the *Manchester Guardian* has become one of the foremost powers in English journalism.

MR. MORLEY'S speech at Cambridge on Monday has been the leading event of the week in the political world. It may be described, in view of the meetings to be held at Newcastle a week hence, as a reconnaissance in force, preliminary to the general attack. MR. MORLEY criticised with some severity the dubious features of LORD SALISBURY'S foreign policy, and dealt sharply with the kind of legislation for which MR. BALFOUR has been responsible as Irish Secretary, in particular condemning the Irish Land Bill. His reference to the question of parish councils showed that, in common with the Liberal party as a whole, he regards the enfranchisement of the villages as the first purely English subject demanding the attention of Parliament. It is fortunate that the *Daily News* has done so much of late to enlighten the public as to the true conditions of rural life at the present moment, and has thus helped to create the sentiment which will be needed to enable MR. MORLEY and his colleagues to carry out their programme of social reform. But MR. MORLEY was emphatic on one point. Not even the case of the villagers can take precedence of the claims of Ireland. The Liberals would be "the meanest of mankind" if they were to allow anything to interfere with their pledges to the people of Ireland. The Home Rule flag will be that which will be carried highest in the coming General Election.

THE preparations for the meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Newcastle are now practically completed. Special interest attaches to these meetings, not only because MR. GLADSTONE will attend them, but because the new forces which are making themselves felt in our public life are likely to give some signs of their existence during the discussions. The Eight Hours Question, upon which we have heard so much of late, is clearly not yet within the range of practical politics, and, if it were to be intro-

duced in any peremptory fashion at Newcastle, the only result would be to weaken, not the Liberal Federation, but the general cause of Liberalism. This fact is so plainly apparent that there is some reason to hope that the advocates of the Eight Hours Day will realise the fact that they could hardly weaken their own cause more than by attempting to force its consideration upon men who have already before them a full programme of urgent work. MR. MORLEY'S references to his personal position in connection with the Eight Hours Question, in his speech at Cambridge, were in excellent taste, and ought to soften the somewhat rancorous feeling with which he is being pursued by those who imagine that he is "unsympathetic" merely because he is clear-sighted in observation and exact in statement.

IN the *Times* of last Monday, a "Conservative M.P." dealt with the Liberal Unionists in a way that afforded excellent sport to MR. JOHN MORLEY and the Cambridge Liberals the same evening, and that must have made the Radical section of the party wince if they read it. They were told that their attitude at Primrose League meetings and other Conservative gatherings was "that of the governess at a garden party;" that the Conservatives would have legislated very well without the help of their intelligence; that the maintenance of the alliance in its present form is impracticable, and that, if it is to continue, they must not only recognise the administrative activity and capacity displayed by the Conservative Government, but must arrange to give up working for the disestablishment of the Church—a step which, we presume, involves the much more urgent question of popular control of State-aided schools. How the Nonconformist conscience among Radical Unionists can bring itself to comply with these latter demands it is hard to see. The descendants of men whose leading idea has been that conscience and principle come before all worldly advantages—even those insured by passing a dubious Land Bill, and involved in joining the Primrose League—are hardly likely to take this advice.

THE Scotch Unionists will soon have an opportunity of testing the predictions we referred to recently. The promotion of the Lord Advocate has created the expected vacancy in Bute, and though some prominent Liberals in the constituency object to a contest now, the majority and the candidate, MR. JOHN McCULLOCH, are willing to fight, and a short, sharp contest may be expected. The constituency is scattered and insular, and the fight must be carried on under difficulties.

THIS week the consummation of the victory of the Nationalists over the Parnellites in Ireland has been significantly marked in two or three ways. MR. PARNELL, in his speech at Cahinteely, on Sunday, practically acknowledged that his cause was lost, and contented himself with attacking clerical coercion, and suggesting that "one man one vote" would be accompanied by a Redistribution Bill which would deprive Ireland of a sixth of its representation in Parliament. MR. DWYER GRAY has explained in the *Freeman's Journal* that his attitude

hitherto in supporting the Parnellite cause has been chiefly due to deficient information, owing to his absence in Australia at the time of the split, and that MR. PARNELL'S marriage and the anti-clerical tone of the Parnellite party have been leading factors in his conversion; and his nominees have been elected directors of the *Freeman's Journal* Company—a step which may lead to some changes in the *personnel* of the staff, but will probably be to the financial as well as the political benefit of the paper in the long run. The furious demands of the Parnellites that every Irishman shall boycott the *Freeman's Journal* and transfer his support to its Parnellite successor are not very likely to produce much effect. Daily papers are not so easily established. In noticing the Nationalist success at the National League meeting on Wednesday, MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY announced that contributions are at once to be raised for the evicted tenants and that their support will constitute the first charge on the funds at present locked up in Paris—an announcement which seals the Parnellite overthrow.

THE Dockers' Congress has been in session at Hull this week. The impending loss of MR. TOM MANN, its President, who has been nominated as a candidate for the General Secretaryship of the Amalgamated Engineers, is bad news for the public at large as well as for the Dockers' Union. Skilled and responsible leadership is the first necessity in trade disputes in the interests of all parties alike. The President's address contained some wholesome criticism of the neglect by ordinary working men to ascertain how the articles they purchased were produced, and whether their quality was what it should be—for which he suggested co-operation as a remedy—and some thoroughly unsound political economy as to "season trades." To meet the periodical want of employment due to the fact that the year has seasons, MR. MANN advocated municipal workshops to provide work and wages during the off season. When will working men grasp the fact that wages in a "season trade"—if the workers have no other livelihood—must tend to be such as will maintain them throughout the whole year, and that it is their own fault if the tendency is checked? But men crowd into such "season trades" as house-painting, and then, when the season ends, are indignant to find that the work and wages end too. Besides, how would the ordinary workers in a trade like to have the products of their labour undersold by those from municipal workshops? The latter would necessarily pay their men a trifle under current rates—or the ratepayers with other employments would know the reason why. The matmakers have often complained with good reason that they are undersold by the products of convict prisons. A dozen trades would greet the establishment of municipal workshops with similar, but far more effective, complaints. However, the Dockers showed wisdom in adopting the "Trade Option" modification of the Eight Hours proposal.

THE lowest depths have surely been sounded in the case of the murder of a child at Liverpool by two other children, aged eight and nine years respectively. So terrible is the story that the imagination, even of the hardened man of the world, recoils from it. There was no accident, no sudden blaze of passion, no spasmodic outbreak of unthinking cruelty, such as we have seen in previous cases of juvenile crime, in this hideous act. One of the boys had been deprived of his usual clothes by his mother as a punishment for some offence, and it was to obtain another suit that he and his companion deliberately planned the murder of another child, and as deliberately carried out their plot. And they were at an age when the children of the well-to-do are still in the nursery, carefully guarded by kind hands, and

treated as being practically irresponsible beings. The one consolatory feature in the story is that it is unique. We have never heard the like before; may we never hear the like again!

THE disturbance of the Money Market by the American gold withdrawals has greatly checked business on the Stock Exchange this week. The speculation in gold shares, which last week threatened to be carried too far, has especially been kept within bounds. Even in the American market there has been a reaction. On Tuesday and Wednesday more particularly the selling here was on a very extensive scale. It is true that the New York Stock Exchange bought all that was offered, and the decline in prices, therefore, was not considerable; but at one time it looked as if we were on the eve of a serious fall. The anxiety in London was increased by the report of a great failure in New York. "DEACON" WHITE, as he is called, was at one time one of the leading operators on the Stock Exchange. Of late, however, he seems to have turned his attention almost entirely to maize and wheat. He attempted to "corner" the maize market, buying quantities, which were to be delivered this month and next, but a heavy fall in prices has ruined him. In New York the incident seems to have attracted little attention, as it did not affect the Stock Exchange, and prices were quickly run up again. On Thursday, in consequence, there was a somewhat better market in London, but the opening in New York was very weak, and prices fell sharply in the Street after the Exchange was closed on a rumour that the Missouri Pacific dividend would not be paid. There was a heavy fall in the stock. Early in the week, too, there was a good deal of speculative selling of Home Railway stocks, but they recovered on Thursday; and in interbourse securities the confidence of Paris is yet successful in keeping up prices. The arrangements for the new Russian loan are at last completed. It is to be brought out by the *Crédit Foncier de France*. The price of issue is not yet fixed, but is expected to be between 80 and 81, and the day of issue will probably be about the middle of next month.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount to 3 per cent., because gold had begun to be taken for New York in large amounts. During the week ended Wednesday night as much as £629,000 was withdrawn, and on Thursday a further £100,000 was taken. In all probability the demand will continue, and it seems likely, therefore, that next week, or at all events the week after, there will be another rise to 4 per cent. In the meantime, the rate of discount in the open market, which early in the week was quite 3 per cent., declined on Thursday after the advance in the Bank rate to 2½ per cent. The explanation offered is that the supply of money is so large and the supply of bills so small that bankers are unable to hold out for better terms. Their policy, however, seems very unwise, for it seems inevitable that the Bank rate will be raised to 5 per cent. before the year is out; and if bankers and bill brokers go on competing with one another as they are doing at present they may make matters even worse. For it is to be recollected that the American demand for gold is still stronger in Paris and Berlin, and if the demand is diverted from those two cities to London, it may become so great that the Bank will be driven to strenuous measures to protect its reserve. There has been a somewhat better demand for silver this week for Japan, Spain, and Portugal, and the price rose on Thursday to 45½d. per ounce. There is yet, however, no speculation. The great operators in New York seem to be absorbed in their Stock Exchange speculations, and in Europe speculation in silver is not considered very promising; silver securities, therefore, are neglected.

MR. MORLEY AT CAMBRIDGE.

PERHAPS the best proof of the force with which Mr. Morley spoke at Cambridge on Monday evening is the almost savage manner in which his speech has been received by his Tory critics. If he had not been very effective they would never have been so angry. And that Mr. Morley was effective not only in his freedom from passion and mere noise, but in the skill with which he marshalled his facts and arguments must be admitted by all but those persons who deliberately shut their eyes to truths which they do not like. He opened the attack upon the Ministerial position, and it may fairly be called an attack all along the line. The time is approaching when the greatest political struggle of our time will be fought out to the bitter end, and no Liberal at all events can complain that there was any lack of heart in the manner in which Mr. Morley led the way in the great fight in his speech on Monday. It will be a "straight fight," as we know, on both sides. Whatever the Liberal Unionists may be pleased to think, the battle will be fought between two armies opposed to each other on every possible question. The first ground of attack against the present Government is their failure whilst in office to satisfy the demands of the public and their own professions. They have had more than five years of power, and what have they got to show for it? In foreign affairs we see Europe filled with uneasy apprehensions, and this new unrest dates from the hour when Lord Salisbury, or his journalistic admirers, led the world to understand that England had attached herself more or less informally to the Triple Alliance. In home policy we have what Mr. Morley fittingly calls some skeleton measures of reform to set to the credit of Ministers, and along with them a series of legislative achievements, each one of which is a direct breach of the pledges which these same Ministers gave to the country when they were seeking for office. So far as foreign policy is concerned not even Lord Salisbury can complain of the treatment he has received at the hands of the Opposition. But the absence of any factious interference with the proceedings of the Foreign Office is not to be taken as a blind acquiescence by the Liberal party in all that Lord Salisbury has done. Mr. Morley, we are glad to see, pressed home the question we put last week regarding the price we must pay for our continued occupation of Egypt, and in doing so he did good service to the greatest of all British interests—the maintenance of peace. We know that on this question the Liberal party is not at present of one mind. But whatever may be the final decision we arrive at, it is at least certain that Mr. Morley gave us good advice when he recommended us to weigh well not only the value of our continued occupation of Egypt, but the price which we shall have to pay for it.

In domestic affairs two great questions evidently absorbed the attention of Mr. Morley. The first was that question of the state of the rural population upon which so lurid a light has been thrown by the inquiries of the Special Commissioner of the *Daily News*. The Liberal party stands pledged to deal with the wants of the villagers at the earliest practicable moment. How pressing and manifold those wants are has been known to a few for years past, and is, or ought to be, known to everybody now. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has sneered at the notion that parish councils can do anything to alleviate the condition of our villagers, and has even gone so far as to intimate that they already have all they need in this direction in the parish vestries! It was hardly necessary for Mr. Morley to spend his time in exposing this audacious piece of sophistry. But it was

well that he should make it clear that the mission of the Liberal party, so far as domestic legislation for England is concerned, is to carry hope into the homes of the cottagers. There are a hundred social questions awaiting the attention of our legislators. Some are almost ripe for practical consideration, whilst others are as yet just beginning to bud; but the first question of all—that which must take precedence even of the question of labour legislation for our great industries—is this question of village life, so long neglected that in moving in it we seem to be stirring the ashes of the dead. It has been the reproach of both parties that this problem has been neglected so long; that for generations no statesman has cared to ask why the "Merry England" of tradition, the happy and prosperous rural England of the old chroniclers and historians, has ceased to exist. It is a reproach which is about to be removed, and there is no real Liberal amongst us who will not feel with Mr. Morley, that, among all the questions of English social reform which are now pressing upon us, this is by far the most urgent.

But, impatient as we may be for the moment when the energies of Parliament can be turned to this great task, we have to face another and still more urgent piece of work before that moment arrives. Let any one who doubts that the Irish Question is that which stands before all others in importance and urgency read the brief record of the history of the past eleven years which Mr. Morley gave to his hearers on Monday. Out of those eleven years there have been barely two when Ireland, her woes and wants and discontent, have not practically absorbed the attention of the House of Commons. And now, as Mr. Morley points out, the Irish legislation which the Government promise for next year, if it should be carried out, will aggravate instead of lessening the evil. With Nationalist County Councils fettered by all manner of restrictions and constantly brought into collision with anti-national authorities at Dublin, we shall see the time of Parliament occupied more fully than ever before by the local quarrels of Irishmen. This is the pleasing prospect which is held out to us as the result of the statesmanship of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues. And it is with this prospect before them that some persons are found to sneer at Mr. Morley for insisting that now, as completely as in 1880 and 1885, Ireland stops the way, and paralyses all the attempts of the British Parliament to devote itself to the consideration of questions of British policy.

There was nothing new, we are told by his critics, in Mr. Morley's speech. But so long as the disease remains the same the diagnosis of the physician cannot be altered. When we have settled the greatest and most intricate political problem of the century, we shall be free to turn our thoughts to new channels of work, new outlets for our reforming zeal, and the energies of our statesmen. Even now we can look beyond the Irish Question to those other riddles which Parliament in due time will be called upon to solve; but, whether we like it or not, we cannot reach them, we can hardly even approach them, until we have dealt with the Irish sphinx who still bars the way, and holds us spell-bound before her. This is the obvious moral which Mr. Morley seeks to impress upon us, and though it is, alas! no novelty, it gains rather than loses in force and significance as time passes and leaves us with the great task still unachieved. Whether some of the impatient persons among us who are anxious to give Home Rule the second place in the Liberal programme will be convinced by Mr. Morley's speech we do not pretend to know. But they may at least learn from it that, on this point, there will be no surrender on the part of the Liberal leaders.

RUSSIA ON THE BOSPHORUS.

THE absurd rumour that the British fleet had taken possession of the island of Mitylene, as a set-off against the alleged agreement between Russia and Turkey in regard to the Dardanelles, though now known to be a myth, still exercises some of our journalists, and it may, therefore, be worth while to consider what interest England has in the passage of Russian ships of war through the Bosphorus. It is, of course, so far, a mere assumption that there is any such agreement. As far as we can gather from the various reports, it is not the passage of ships of war that is in question, but the passage of transports conveying troops in time of peace; and we observe that Prince Bismarck's Hamburg organ asserts that there is nothing in the Treaty of Paris, or in the London Protocol of 1871, to prevent Russia from sending unarmoured transports through the Dardanelles. What we wish our readers, however, to consider is the question whether England has any interest in opposing the passage of Russian men-of-war freely into the Mediterranean. The assumption of those who would keep the Russian fleet permanently confined to the Black Sea is, that a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean would be hostile to Great Britain. Now, granting for argument's sake the truth of that assumption, how would the entrance of a Russian fleet into the Mediterranean help Russia to damage England? It seems to us that, in the event of a war between England and Russia, England would be the gainer and Russia the loser by the opening of the Dardanelles to the fleets of all nations. The same law which forbids Russia to send a fleet into the Mediterranean forbids England to send a fleet into the Black Sea. As matters now stand Russia presents an invulnerable front to us. We cannot get at her. We are prevented from coming in contact with her in the south by treaty, and in the north by frost for six months out of the twelve; and Sir Charles Napier's abortive campaign in the Baltic during the Crimean war shows how difficult it is to come to close quarters with northern Russia even when the Baltic is open to navigation. The enterprise would be much harder now. Cronstadt is the key to St. Petersburg, and Cronstadt is now practically impregnable to a naval attack. To throw open the Dardanelles would therefore be to give England a decided advantage in case of war with Russia. It is not England, then, which is primarily concerned in closing the Dardanelles against the egress of a Russian fleet, though Austria and Germany have been complacently assuring us of the contrary. We have been so long accustomed to pull chestnuts out of the fire for other nations, that they appear to think we shall never get tired of our knight-errantry. The equanimity with which English public opinion has received the rumours of the alleged Russo-Turkish agreement may help to teach our Continental neighbours that they must henceforward fight their own battles against Russia without help from us. As far as British interests are affected, we are very little indeed concerned in the unfettered passage of Russian fleets through the Dardanelles. If Russia chose to be hostile to us, she would simply be giving hostages to fortune by sending a fleet into the Mediterranean. She could do us no harm, but we could do her serious damage. The opening of the Dardanelles, on the other hand, might be a serious matter for Austria, and in a less degree to Germany. Those Powers are therefore naturally very anxious that John Bull should continue his old foolish policy of fighting their battles. Let them understand, once for all, that England will never again raise a finger to save Turkey from the encroachments of Russia. If Austria and Germany

wish to do so, they must do it with their own blood and treasure.

But we may be told that to grant the freedom of the Dardanelles to Russia would be to imperil the safety of Constantinople. Well, and what then? We should regret to see Russia in possession of Constantinople, but not for the sake of British interests. Constantinople belongs of right to the nascent nationalities, who are the proper legatees of its present barbarous rulers. It might become, for a time at least, the capital of a Confederation of Balkan States. That was the sensible and statesmanlike proposal of the Czar Nicholas to the British Government in 1851, and it would have been much wiser to accept it than to be jockeyed into the Crimean war by the Emperor Napoleon and Lord Palmerston. The Emperor of Russia then declared—what, indeed, every long-headed Russian has always believed—that Russia did not want to possess Constantinople, and that for very obvious reasons. The possession of Constantinople by Russia would make that Empire, already vast, a huge mass of conflicting elements, half Muscovite, half Byzantine. Moscow and Constantinople would pull in opposite directions, and would end by tearing the Empire asunder. There would be a repetition, on a more disastrous scale, of the disruption of the old Roman Empire through the opposing interests and aspirations of Old Rome and New Rome. But even if Russia did aspire to the possession of Constantinople, what single British interest would her possession of it endanger? It would not give her the command of the Suez Canal unless she destroyed our fleet—a scarcely arguable contingency. Moreover, the Suez Canal has lost its importance for us owing to the improved speed of modern steam-ships. The difference in time between the Suez Canal route and by the Cape is now so slight that, in case of war, we should probably prefer the Cape route as less exposed to danger or accident. A further reason against the Suez Canal route to India lies in the fact that it is now an international highway for the world's commerce, and it is highly improbable that we should be allowed to appropriate it for belligerent purposes. Nor, indeed, would it be safe to do so. Our enemy could easily procure the scuttling of two or three steamers to bar the passage of our troop-ships, and the time thus lost would probably cover more than the difference between the two routes. Constantinople has thus lost its importance in relation to the route to India.

But the whole argument of those who are terrified by the possible apparition of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean is based on the assumption that Russia would be hostile to us there—that she would be sure to enter into combinations against us. There is no evidence for that assumption. Russia, like other nations, is doubtless governed by her interests. But her interest, as she has often shown, is to cultivate friendly relations with England. We are the two great Asiatic Powers. A good understanding between us would help each to govern her Asiatic possessions. The natural development of Russia is not towards India, but towards Europe and Asia Minor. By checking her in South-Eastern Europe we have driven her in the direction of our Indian frontier to seek an outlet through the Persian Gulf. Give her an outlet into the Mediterranean, and you relieve us of her pressure in Asia. Our Continental neighbours naturally wish to relieve themselves of Russian pressure in Europe by driving Russia towards India. We are glad to think that Lord Salisbury is not likely to follow in the footsteps of Lord Beaconsfield by giving heed to the alarmist counsels of his Jingo supporters, or by allowing himself to be eajoled into fighting the battles of other nations.

POLITICAL BULLYING AGAIN.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* does not seem to be altogether content with our remarks of last week on the subject of bullying in politics. It does not go so far, indeed, as to defend the bullies, but it wants to know whether our condemnation of them means, for example, that if the electors of Newcastle differ from Mr. Morley on the Eight Hours Bill, and if they regard this as a more important question than any other before the constituency, they are still to retain Mr. Morley as their representative. It is hardly necessary to answer such a question as this. It is one which has nothing whatever to do with the subject of bullying in politics, and hardly more to do with that question of "delegation or divine right" with which the *Pall Mall Gazette* somehow or other connects it. The simple fact is that, now that we have the ballot, constituencies cannot be bullied. Cajoled or convinced they may be; but not coerced. If the electors of Newcastle were to determine that they must have a representative of their own way of thinking on the Eight Hours Question, and if that way of thinking did not happen to be Mr. Morley's (which we strongly suspect is not the case at present) then Mr. Morley would unquestionably have to find a seat somewhere else. Upon this point we cannot conceive the possibility of any difference of opinion among sane men.

"What, then, is bullying in politics?" we may be asked. It is when a compact party of men holding opinions on some particular question which happen not to be generally acceptable seek to advance those opinions, not by argument or persuasion, but by the use of threats. These threats may be directed against a political party as a whole, or against some particular individual who has been singled out as a victim. When they are used against a party, they may, as a rule, be treated with contempt, for they are not merely foolish but harmless. When some reverend gentleman, for example, brandishes the "Nonconformist conscience," of which he imagines himself to be the heaven-appointed keeper, in the face of the people of Great Britain, and tells them that unless they refrain from taking some course which they have never for a moment dreamt of taking, he will punish them by breaking up their forces on the eve of a General Election, we naturally simply laugh at the arrogance and folly of the man, and recall the old story of the tailors of Tooley Street. The Fabian Society, if we remember aright, began its operations by this kind of "swearing at large." It was going to rob the Liberal party of the victory which must otherwise fall to it, unless it adopted such and such planks of the Fabian programme. Well, it was entitled to do this—if it could. But no Liberal was frightened by its threats; and the Fabian programme was not brought a bit nearer to the platform of official Liberalism by the dread of a catastrophe at the next General Election. It was only when the threatening process was applied, not to the party as a whole but to particular individuals, that it became necessary to say something about the tactics of the bully in politics. It is not because we have the smallest reason to apprehend that the bullying is likely in any given case to be successful that we have called attention to it. We have spoken of it, first, because the thing is evil in itself and a demoralising influence in our political life, and, secondly, because so far from being of service to the cause on behalf of which it is employed, it is certain to retard the progress of that cause.

There are many men who have quite as strong an objection to being allied with persons of a notoriously immoral life as any champion of the

so-called "Social Purity Party" has, who have resented strongly the attempts of that body to bully them into submission to their will. They recognise no right on the part of any particular preacher or writer to thrust himself upon them, and by coarse threats of a certain injury which he will inflict upon them if they refuse to do his bidding, to compel them to take a particular line in their public life. It is probably the line they meant all along to take; but if they had felt any hesitation about it, that hesitation would certainly be increased by this attempt to bully them. In the same way, there are many of us who believe, as strongly as our friends of the Fabian Society do, that we are entering upon a period in which the social needs of the people will demand the first place in the attention of the Legislature, and who are prepared to go far beyond old formulas in order to satisfy new wants and aspirations, who are simply driven back from the path of reform by the manner in which the Fabians seek not to convert or convince, but to coerce the political world. "It is not your sympathy, your intelligent agreement we want, but your votes," they say in effect, and they accompany the demand with the inevitable threats as to the consequences of any failure to comply with their wishes.

Now is this the way in which wise men usually try to attain success in the promulgation of new doctrines? Can the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or any of the friends of the new Socialism, point to a single great cause the triumph of which has been due to the adoption of these bullying tactics? We venture to say that so far from being able to adduce a single instance in which success has attended this policy, if they inquire into the matter they will find themselves confronted by innumerable instances in which this kind of strategy has proved disastrous. Not that we deny the power of the Fabian Society, or any similar body, to do a certain amount of mischief if it be well organised and thoroughly resolute. Mr. Bright's simile of the costermonger's cart and the London and North-Western express still holds good. The splendid train, laden with precious lives and hopes, and sweeping on to its appointed destination may be utterly wrecked by an obstacle so paltry as to seem contemptible. But would the wreck of the train assist the cause of the costermonger, or bring him any nearer to his desired end? We trow not. It is not so long since 1874 but that some of the young men of the Fabian Society may be able to recall the events of that year of disaster to the Liberal cause. If they do so they will see how seat after seat was lost to the friends of progress and handed over to its enemies by the determination of "faddists" to proclaim a shibboleth of their own, and to test all men by it. They might have a candidate with ninety-nine per cent. of whose creed they were in entire agreement; but if the hundredth point happened to be their own little fad, and if on that he were not at one with them, they left him to his fate. The hard part of the case was that they deserted him even when by doing so they aided in returning a candidate to whom they were themselves opposed on every possible point. We know what the result was. We know, too, how much the cause of Liberalism lost, not merely for a time, but permanently, by the great defeat of 1874. We repeat what we said last week, that it is because we see the Liberal party as a whole turning in the direction of social reform, and moving, not rapidly perhaps, but steadily, along that path, that we adjure those who have constituted themselves the leaders of a particular movement not to injure its chances of success by adopting tactics which will inevitably alienate the sympathies of many good men and true, whilst they must, at the same time,

damage the freedom and independence of our political life, and vitiate still further the atmosphere which our politicians have to breathe.

THE LIBERAL UNIONIST LEEK.

THE remarkable letter in the *Times* on Monday from "A Conservative M.P." is a frank expression of the irritation with which Tories contemplate the virtuous independence of their Liberal Unionist allies. Mr. Gladstone once described the Liberal Unionists as "an ill-starred and abortive party," and great was the wrath of the *Spectator*. We were assured that Lord Hartington and his followers still presented to an admiring world the spectacle of public men who had sacrificed every private interest on the altar of patriotism, who held fast to the Liberalism which their former chief had abandoned, and who were not to be coerced by their old colleagues on the one hand nor cajoled by their new confederates on the other. This was very beautiful, and for a while the Conservatives were willing to lend themselves to the ennobling figment. But they have grown tired of comparing Lord Hartington to Aristides. They resent the existence of an independent party, "freed from the trammels of office, without sharing the responsibility which in a constitutional Government should attach to power." The Liberal Unionists are rudely reminded by "A Conservative M.P." that they have done very well for themselves "with comparatively small expenditure of time and labour." "Their position has been pleasant and easy, but they cannot expect a permanent enjoyment of it." Heroics about their unselfish devotion to the integrity of the Empire may have been useful a few years ago; but that little comedy is over, and now they must come to business. In the constituencies it is plain that the Tory electors have an increasing disrelish for the idea of supporting Liberal Unionist candidates. In Mid-Devon Mr. Dawson has thrown up his candidature because he is disgusted by the intrigues of the Primrose League. The knights and the dames wanted a champion of their own colour, somebody who would spout the good old Tory platitudes without any reservations, not a gentleman with a political designation which was never heard of before 1886, and with an allegiance to statesmen who were denounced on every Tory platform in the previous year. There is much to be said for this view, and "A Conservative M.P." says it with the greatest candour. He tells the Liberal Unionists what Liberals have been telling them for some time past—that they must become Tories in name as well as in deed, and they must recant everything which was condemned by their present allies before they seceded from the Liberal party; in a word, that they must eat the dirt with which they have been daintily trifling. They boast that they have Liberalised the spirit of a Conservative Administration, and that they are "the leaven that has leavened the Tory lump." That vainglory must be put away, and they must recognise that they are reformed offenders. "Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros," says "A Conservative M.P.," with classic grace; "or, to put it as a question of morals, I say we have made honest men of them."

This is not the language which consecrated the "Unionist compact," but it unquestionably represents the feeling of the whole Conservative party. It expresses with brutal directness the opinion which is commonly entertained of renegades by their new associates. "A Conservative M.P." knows very well that, unless their conversion to Toryism is

complete, the Liberal Unionists cannot maintain their political existence after the general election. They may fuse themselves with the Conservatives, but the fusion must be conducted on strictly Tory lines. If there is to be "a National party," it must be founded "to resist destruction"—the good old crusted description of every proposal which threatens the supremacy of landed property. Mr. Chamberlain is invited to adopt this convincing exposition of a truly national policy: "If you want any undertaking well carried out in the present day, from a fancy fair to a funeral, you must give the job to a Conservative." It may certainly be said of a Tory Government that it begins with a fancy fair and ends with the undertaker; but now that Mr. Chamberlain has been made "an honest man," he must devote himself to the interests of Conservative tradesmen. He must give pledges to the classes whose privileges in his unregenerate days he was wont to condemn. "We want to know before the General Election," says "A Conservative M.P.," of the Liberal Unionists, "what course they intend to pursue with regard to questions on which their views in former years differed from ours, and whether they are to be depended on still to act with us should such questions engage the attention of the new Parliament." For instance, will Mr. Chamberlain forswear Disestablishment? Will he defend the State Church as well as unransomed landlordism, on the admirable principle of giving "the job to a Conservative"? His Tory monitor is not, perhaps, a marvel of political wisdom. The politician who sees in the Liberal party the growing influences of men "whose principles, if put into practice, would not merely destroy society as we know it, but would reduce the earth to its original wildness, and man to a state of nature without the innocence," does not possess an intelligence much above the "fancy fair." But he understands the mind of his party, and he knows the sort of bargain that must be driven with the statesmen who have been provided by Conservative grace with a complete moral outfit. This is a "fancy" article which must be paid for; and in the course of business, the newly made "honest men" will have to figure as mutes at the Conservative funeral. Lord Hartington has now the advantage of knowing how he is really regarded by his allies. Officially they may keep up the etiquette of the "compact," but when he is again asked to join the Cabinet he will understand that this means his complete effacement as an independent force. It is not agreeable to learn that he is held in very light esteem by the only party with which he has any natural affinity, and that they will not receive him except on humiliating conditions. But, as the Liberal Unionists have broken every pledge which they made in 1886, a formal recantation of Liberalism ought not to be a grievous moral strain, especially as they are not likely to remain in public life on any other terms.

A POOR MAN'S PARLIAMENT.

THE party which looks, and, in our opinion, rightly looks, for some point of contact between the policy of the Parliament of Labour and that of Liberalism may be invited to turn to the programme of the National Liberal Federation. The Trade Union Congress passed a good many political or semi-political resolutions, of which the resolve to make a test-question of payment of members was much the most significant. It might very well have happened for the Congress to have chosen a different line of policy. The organisation of a labour party in Parliament is a favourite dream of the elder

and, in a less marked sense, of the younger Unionism. It has lately been very ably criticised by Mr. Mann in the *Trade Unionist*, and we have always thought that it involved a certain belittling and particularising of the cause of labour. The real bent of Congress opinion was clearly not in the direction of subsidising and promoting a number of doubtful candidatures, but of opening the Parliamentary gate to the poor man's advances. This is at once sound democracy and good statesmanship. And it is clear that on this point the Liberal party is able to give the labour cause precisely the assistance that it needs.

At present there are three bars to the effective democratisation of a Parliament which to-day does not contain one purely working-class representative to every eighty members. The first is the inordinate expense of elections. The second is the long drain on a candidate's or a member's purse involved in the maintenance of the electoral machine—the keeping up of the registration and the subscription to party funds. The third, and most vital, is the impossibility of a member of Parliament living in town and pursuing the business of the nation, unless he is either a rich man, or a journalist, or a well-to-do lawyer, or “something in the City.” Now, it is clearly not desirable to confine the nation's law-making to these four classes; and, as a matter of fact, it is not, apart from the larger democratic issues involved, a business-like proceeding so to confine it. The House of Commons, with its enormous aggregation of national and municipal business, is fast ceasing to merit the old sneer as to its club aspect. The only men who can nowadays turn the House into a club are a decreasing section of Tory exquisites whose constituents may have chosen them for their personal appearance, which is prepossessing, but hardly practical. For the rest of the House, life at Westminster is a mill-round of slavery, begun in the Committee Room and ended on the green benches. The types from whom the bulk of the members are drawn are mostly the upper middle classes, actively engaged in the conduct of great enterprises, and professional men giving the best part of their powers to the drudgery of the Courts. To them the national work is a secondary occupation, often undertaken with great ardour and industry, but begun with wearied brains and divided energies. The aristocracy no longer provide a solid leisured class who look at Government as a polite (and also a lucrative) occupation. Parliament is mainly in the hands of the captains of industry, the earners of an exceptionally high rent of ability. The poor man of genius, or of capacity for affairs, and the economic specialist, whose funds have just carried him through a University course, helped by scholarships, is excluded through all the best and freshest years of his life. The working class, educating itself rapidly through the democracy of the trade union and the co-operative store, and already furnishing a sprinkling of statesmen of the high type of Mr. Burt and Mr. Mann, have no chance, except by the choice of a limited body of paid representatives not of the general interests of labour, but of one or two rich unions; a distinction which at once sets them apart from the general current both of parliamentary and proletariat life. The nation is thus starved of some of the best elements for the making of public men; of the Gladstones of 1891, who, unlike the Gladstone of 1833, have no Dukes of Newcastle at their back; of the economists; of the thinkers at thirty; of the men who watch the loom of England's destiny not from the counting-house or the colonial governorship only, but from the study, the trade union, and even the vestry and the Town Council.

Happily the carefully drafted and gradually ex-

panding programme of the National Liberal Federation provides in a measure for the three defects of our representative system to which we have referred. It proposes to take the burden of registration off the over-burdened shoulders of the candidate, and to transfer it to the public, whose plain duty it is to maintain the purity of its Parliamentary and municipal electorate. Since 1888 it has included the public payment of returning officers' expenses, and to this was added in the following year a recognition of the principle of payment of members. It only remains to give definiteness to the latter proposal, and to fix with more rigid “intention” the limit of election expenditure which the Corrupt Practices Act wisely curtailed. It will be useless to offer the poor candidate a subsistence fund when he gets into Parliament if he has to spend some hundreds of pounds before he enters St. Stephen's for the hire of halls, the printing of his address and of announcements of meetings, and the despatch of necessary information over a straggling constituency. When these things are done, we shall not be far off the poor man's Parliament, though we agree, with Mr. Morley, that it will be necessary to guard its greatly enlarged portals against a rush of men who might scramble in by dividing the opposing votes between two or more candidates. The second ballot is the necessary corollary—as democratic France has long discovered—of payment of members, the only means of extracting the true mind of the constituency. For the rest we need have no fear. Payment of members will probably, as we have argued, be carried as a mere bit of rough Anglo-Saxon reasoning from political necessities, based on the discovery that a Parliament made up of busy middle-class men will not work, rather than as a mere concession to the Time Spirit. However, the examples of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, our Canadian and Australasian Colonies, and the United States are, on the whole, favourable to the new experiment. The bad influence of Canadian corruption is not in point, for it touched the evil which exists in diminished force here, the temptations to abuse the system of public contracts. It arose within the circle of highly paid Ministers, whom we, like the Canadians, treat as a class deserving public payment for public service. That we, who reward Sir Richard Webster with a salary and fees mounting up to about £18,000 a year, should grudge a man like Mr. Broadhurst, one of the hardest workers in the House of Commons and a specialist on many Parliamentary questions, an allowance say of £300, strikes us as a marvel even of British unreasonableness.

HOSPITAL POLITICS.

WHAT is there connected with a hospital that makes it so fertile in scandals? Hospitals are not the only institutions under public management, nor should we have supposed that there was any necessary connection between ill-health and inefficiency, when these belong to different persons. Nevertheless we are, in London nowadays, seldom free from some complaint as to the administration of those magnificent institutions which public charity, of one kind or another, has provided for the accommodation of London's sick. Either there is trouble with the nurses; or the doctors disagree; or the drains are bad; or the funds are mysteriously dealt with; or the patients are neglected. There is, indeed, no end to the possible matters of public controversy in connection with the London hospitals. We do not propose to investigate in detail the circumstances under which the Metropolitan Asylums

Board loses the services of Dr. Collie. The full materials upon which the decision of the Local Government Board was arrived at are not in the possession of the public. Those who realise how slow is the Local Government Board to pronounce a virtual sentence of dismissal against an officer of Dr. Collie's professional standing will not easily be convinced by the somewhat injudicious advocacy of the medical journals, or Sir John Tilley's confused defence. We can only wish Dr. Collie a new career of usefulness in some direction in which administrative efficiency is either less essential or better attended to than appears to have been the case in the Homerton Hospital.

The chief moral of the case, to our mind, is its further demonstration of the need for a thorough overhauling of the London hospital system. The Select Committee of the House of Lords, which, under Lord Sandhurst's guidance, has now the subject in hand, appears to be spending its time over details, and giving too little attention to the elementary necessity of the co-ordination of such hospitals as we have and the desirability of providing some means of bringing them under effective popular control.

The metropolis is at present provided with a dozen great hospitals serving as medical schools, and between seventy and eighty other smaller hospitals more or less specialised as to the diseases which they treat. In addition to these so-called voluntary institutions, we have the dozen hospitals and hospital ships of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and nearly thirty Poor Law infirmaries and "sick asylums," which have become undistinguishable in function from the general hospitals. Altogether there are between 120 and 130 separate institutions which provide beds and indoor treatment. There are about as many more public dispensaries, of one kind and another, which provide outdoor treatment, not including the extensive practice of most of the hospitals among outdoor patients. This imposing array of independent institutions is distributed over the metropolis without the least regard for geographical requirements. There is practically no co-operation between them. Most of them compete with one another for funds, for patients, for doctors, for nurses and for students. A very small proportion of them render their accounts to any public body. What is more to our present point is that there is no effective democratic supervision or control of these essentially public institutions, and that, as an inevitable consequence, there is an absence of that general confidence in their administration which public welfare and even public safety demands.

It is often assumed that London depends for its hospital accommodation upon voluntary subscriptions eking out private endowments. But this is a very incorrect assumption. The total number of occupied beds in the metropolitan hospitals is nearly 20,000. Over two-thirds of these are directly maintained out of the rates. The hospital accommodation of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the Poor Law authorities now exceeds 13,000 beds. The three great hospital endowments, which are now essentially public in their nature, provide several thousands more. Less than a third of the £1,200,000 which is annually spent over London's medical charities is derived from subscriptions or donations. One in twelve of London's population dies in one of these institutions: probably four out of five adults use one or other of them during their lives. The public interest could scarcely be more strongly demonstrated; and the inevitable corollary to-day of public interest is public control.

The principle of collective provision for the sick, accompanied by public control, has long been re-

cognised by the establishment of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which has one-tenth of the occupied beds under its charge, and spends one quarter of the total cost. But the Metropolitan Asylums Board is a unique constitutional absurdity. In it the quintessence of Bumbledom is unsuccessfully mitigated by a strong infusion of officialism. The London Boards of Guardians elect fifty-four members, to whom are added, by the Local Government Board, sixteen ladies and gentlemen, willing, without fee or reward, to work on this remarkable Hospital Board. For the devotion and energy of many of the members of the Board, both elected and nominated, we have nothing but grateful respect. But it has long been apparent that its efficiency as an administrative body in charge of a dozen important hospitals leaves much to be desired. The managing committees of the thirty Poor Law institutions are even less satisfactory. These bodies have, moreover, uniformly failed to gain either that public attention which secures democratic criticism, or that general confidence which establishes popular support. It is enough to say that no critic proposes to entrust to them any powers over London's other medical charities, or feels any desire to extend the functions which they at present exercise.

Yet some kind of general "Hospitals Board" for the metropolis appears to be an urgent necessity. Some sort of co-operation and co-ordination must be established among London's warring sick asylums. Some sort of supervision and audit of our collective provision for disease has become indispensable. The London County Council ought, moreover, to be relieved of its incongruous lunatic asylums. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a separate elected central board—perhaps the central "Poor Law Council" which experts desire—ought to be established with the express function of administering the generous public provision which London already makes for its temporarily disabled citizens.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE military manœuvres are over; the excitement of last week is dying down, though desperate attempts have been made by some foreign journals to keep it up, and the Russian press are still persuaded that there is some substratum of fact underlying the story about Sigri. The Porte has informed its representatives abroad that the Dardanelles question is exactly where it was before the recent alarm. M. Carnot's speeches at Vitry and Reims are thoroughly pacific in tone; the Emperor of Austria in his speech at the close of the manœuvres has been a little too warlike, but the ill-judged utterances of the German Emperor at Erfurt have been somewhat modified in the official version, and an excellent commentary on the present relations of France and Germany is afforded by the relaxation announced on Tuesday of the German passport regulations in Alsace and Lorraine; a visit of the Czar to Berlin about October 22nd is talked of, though whatever intention of the kind he may have had is now probably abandoned; and the celebration last Sunday of the entry of Italian troops into Rome was not, as had been feared, disturbed by Socialists, Anarchists, Irredentists, or by any collision between the population of Rome and the French pilgrims. There are signs, too, that the invention of the *canard*-mongers is failing in quality, though the quantity of the product remains undiminished. The magnifying of the raid of a small band of horse-stealers from Texas into Mexico into an invasion of revolutionists can hardly be called a successful effort; nor can the announcement that England is shortly to be presented with an

ultimatum requiring her to evacuate Egypt by the Consuls-General (!) of France and Russia at Alexandria. The false report of the neglect of the Italian fleet at Salonica to return the salute of the French warship *Amérique* is not much better; and the announcement in a Paris paper that the Grand Duke of Baden, at the end of the manœuvres in the Duchy, informed his troops that they would soon have to draw the sword against a foe that had not learnt wisdom from a bloody defeat, though more possible than the other stories, appears to be equally false. Apart from these fictions, from the disastrous floods in Southern Spain, the full extent of which is not yet known; and from the dramatic ending of the late Dictator of Chili, there is really little news of importance on the Continent.

The signs of calm are indeed important; chief among them the admirable speeches last week at Reims and Vitry of the President of the French Republic, dwelling on the efficiency of the army as a guarantee of peace, and exhorting to mutual reconciliation and union at home.

Certainly few things are more remarkable in the history of the last twenty years than the growth of stability in French politics. Even the Parisian populace is proof against the efforts of the anti-*Lohengrin* agitators. The second performance went off quietly enough. There were one or two demands for the "Marseillaise," and bottles containing chemicals, designed to clear the house by their odour, were thrown from the gallery; but the disturbers were expelled without difficulty. Many arrests were made outside, but only a few of those arrested then or on the previous occasion have been prosecuted. The sentences inflicted vary from ten days' to four months' imprisonment. The third performance went off with even less disturbance, and the seats have been sold by speculators at fancy prices.

The new passport regulations in Alsace-Lorraine make passports requisite only for military men, cadets, and former inhabitants of the Province who have adopted French nationality and have served in the French army. These, at least, must constitute the bulk of the civilians referred to. Strangers (of any nation) remaining more than twenty-four hours in the Province must have their presence notified to the police. The Paris press welcomes the change; not so Prince Bismarck's organ.

The disaster to the Zalewski expedition in German East Africa is followed by a report of disturbances among the Wadigo people in the north of the German sphere of influence. The partisans of a forward policy are, of course, demanding that severe punishment shall be inflicted on the Wahahe tribe, and suggesting that Major von Wissman is the man to govern the colony. Meanwhile the organ of the Liberal leader, Herr Eugen Richter, has suggested that Germany had best abandon her sphere of influence south of the Rufidyi River and its tributary the Rueha, withdrawing her garrisons from Kilwa, Lindi, and Mikandini, leaving Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika alone, and giving up also her colonies in the Cameroons and New Guinea. England, it is suggested, might be glad to purchase all these, and they are a heavy expense to the German taxpayer.

The Commission of Inquiry into the affairs of the Italian possessions in Africa has just reported in favour of planting colonies at certain points—a plan, however, which would negative the projected economies of the Government.

The twenty-first anniversary of the entry of Italian troops into Rome was celebrated on Sunday in Rome in heavy rain. Garlands were deposited on the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, and there was a remarkable fraternisation of Monarchist and Republican politicians. The celebration was, of course, furiously denounced by some of the clerical organs. Meanwhile the French and Spanish pilgrims, after hearing mass at St. Peter's—where special courtesies were shown to them—were kept out of harm's way in the galleries of the Vatican. On Saturday a party of French pilgrims was received by the Pope, who

spoke for half an hour in French. A few voices—chiefly, it is said, those of Italian monks invited as spectators—supported the temporal Power by cries of "Long live the Pope King!" The address presented by the Comte de Mun referred to him as the first workmen's Pope; and in reply he treated the pilgrimage as a vote of thanks for the Encyclical on the social problem. Legislation, he remarked, could never settle labour questions, which depended on the conscience and Christian charity; and he insisted on the claim of the workman to a fair wage and a Sunday rest, and suggested that masters and workmen should combine in associations under the patronage of their bishops. Like the Encyclical, the speech is a long way from the real difficulties, but it is something that a Pope who is also a Roman noble should touch the labour question at all. He has also, at the request of the German and Austrian bishops, sent a letter to them strongly condemning duelling. The state of his health is said to cause the gravest apprehension.

The Italian Cabinet is said to be showing unwonted activity, probably in connection with the impending programme-speech of the Premier, which now, it is said, will be delivered after the middle of October, not at Milan but at Rome. The reason for the change is said to be that he had intended to announce the terms of the commercial treaty with Austria and Germany, which would produce marked effect in an industrial city like Milan, and that the hitch in the negotiations, due chiefly to difficulties as to Italian wines, will make this announcement impracticable.

Negotiations for the treaty of commerce between Servia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, are to commence next month. The War Minister of Austria-Hungary has been arranging with the Finance Ministers for an increased expenditure of six million florins—the practical result of the alarming pamphlet recently inspired by him. They were expected to object strongly to any increase, as causing the recurrence of a deficit; but the sum is not very large. Austria will contribute two-thirds of it.

The Queen of Roumania is occupying the first floor of the Grand Hotel at Pallanza, and is said to be decidedly better. She is suffering from a peculiar and obscure nervous disease—not, however, spinal congestion. The King is with her. Rumours, as yet unconfirmed, are afloat as to his intention to abdicate. Mlle. Yacaresco, who was reported to have attempted suicide at Milan, has proceeded to Rome.

A hundred thousand people are homeless in Spain through the floods a fortnight ago. Liberal contributions are being sent them, including 20,000 marks from the German Emperor, but the greatest difficulty is experienced in reaching them with relief. Many are desperate, much marauding is taking place, and pestilence is feared. Some families have been drowned, with all their heirs. There are the utmost difficulties in burying the dead. Nearly the whole of Southern Spain and Portugal was more or less affected by the storm. A serious railway collision wrecked the Paris-Madrid express on Thursday. Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., is reported injured.

A misunderstanding seems to have arisen as to the interpretation of the *modus vivendi* between England and the United States regarding the number of skins to be taken this year under it. The American Commissioners have reported strongly for the suspension of sealing in the open sea if the seals are to be preserved.

Much importance is attached to a recent speech of Mr. Mills, a prominent Democratic member of Congress, as indicating that the Democrats of the South-West are likely to give up regarding the free coinage of silver as an economic panacea.

The tragic suicide of the ex-Dictator Balmaceda, who, after all, was concealed in the Argentine Legation at Santiago, restores peace to Chili. He left a letter, excusing himself from complicity in most of the cruelties committed in his name, blaming his generals for his failure, and saying that

his purpose was to free Chili from the dominion of the foreigner—presumably the nitrate companies. The populace was divided between joy at his death and regret that it had lost the chance of tearing him to pieces. So ends another South American Dictator—so far as can be judged, one very far above the usual type. When his life comes to be written, he will probably be more leniently judged than is possible now.

A naval demonstration against China has been talked of this week, but it is understood that the report is premature. Meanwhile, England, France, Germany, and the United States have entered into an informal engagement that the representatives of each shall protect subjects of the East resident in China. Serious complaints have been made against the practice of concentrating the English fleet and allowing the rivers to remain without one gunboat. On Thursday, however, the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in Paris assured M. Ribot, in reply to his recent remonstrance, that the Chinese Government had taken due steps to secure the protection of foreigners in China, and had sent ships to the disturbed districts. But things look more threatening daily both for foreigners and for the present dynasty.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

II.—WHAT WE MAY EXPECT NEXT SESSION.

IN an article published in *THE SPEAKER* a few weeks ago I tried to sketch the existing system of local government in Ireland. I have now to attempt the more difficult task of indicating the reforms which we may expect from Mr. Balfour next session. I must do so with two reservations. In the first place, I speak only for myself. The details of local government are so complicated that there may very well be difference of opinion among those who are Nationalists in general politics. In the second place, it is useless to attempt to sketch an ideal system of local government such as we might ask for if we were members of the best of all possible Parliaments, with the best of all possible Governments sitting on the Treasury Bench. Till the General Election we have to deal with Mr. Balfour and the party who do as he bids them. All that can be done in such an article as this is to show what we have a right to expect from a Unionist Government if they carry into effect the principles which they have enunciated on the platform. They came into office on the planks of "similarity and simultaneity." That is not the principle either of the Nationalist party or of our Liberal allies. It is a bad principle: at once pedantic in essence and latinistic in form, but it is better than no principle at all. We must get as much as we can out of it.

One objection occurs at starting: What about "simultaneity?" The English Local Government Bill was passed in 1888. Next year will be 1892. If strict punctuality were exacted in the payment of political debts, it might be said that the due date was past; but in Ireland long experience has taught us to expect so little that we can be quite content if we are only four years behind time. What we may ask in all humility is this: If Mr. Balfour intends to deny to the Irish County Councils any power or attribute which has already been conceded to County Councils in England, let him, in the name of "simultaneity," spare us the indignity of being told that the boon will be extended to us so soon as we are fit for it.

What I have to do is to work the principle of "similarity" into detail. The Irish Local Government Bill should be similar to the Local Government Acts for England and Scotland. It cannot be made absolutely identical without changing unnecessarily our local arrangements; but it should resemble the English and Scotch Bills just as the Scotch Bill resembled the English Bill. Scotchmen were not satisfied with their Bill, and we should not be satisfied with ours even if it were as good as theirs. But

what they got is that which we have a right to expect to be offered by Mr. Balfour. The Irish County Councils should, according to the principle (or is it a dogma?) of similarity, be similar in constitution and similar in powers to the County Councils in England and Scotland.

The Irish County Councils should therefore be formed entirely of members elected on the parliamentary suffrage, or a suffrage equally wide. Mr. Balfour has hinted that he hopes to find some form of minority representation. Any such proposal should be strenuously resisted. It would not merely be contrary to the dogma of "similarity"—which is a trifle—but it would be unjust in principle and pernicious in working. It would be unjust, because the persons who pay the county rate are the occupiers, and the occupiers are the electors, for lodgers in country districts in Ireland are few in number. The county rate in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is paid by the occupier, and not by the owner. Even the fine-spun economic argument that in the end the rate must fall upon the landlord because it reduces the rent does not apply in a country where the rent is fixed not by competition but by law. Lord Howth, in a recent letter to the *Times*, rejoined: "Let me point out that the landlord pays half the Poor Law rate, which includes the sanitary tax, and these form the tempting sources for pillage, which is so much dreaded." If this is all Lord Howth is afraid of, he need not even have written to the *Times*. The County Council will have nothing to do with the Poor Rate or, except in county boroughs, with the sanitary tax. It is true that reform both of the Poor Law and the Public Health Law in Ireland is required and expected; but that is not what we are promised for next session. If Mr. Balfour devises a system of minority representation, it will not be to protect a minority paying an unusual proportion of taxation from a majority with no interest in controlling expenditure. He means by "minority representation" some device for giving to the landlord class a greater weight than they are entitled to either by their numbers or their contributions to local expenditure. If that is not what he means we have ready one simple test. In the counties of Down, Antrim, and Armagh there are Catholic and Nationalist minorities who are so situated that, if the arrangement of local divisions is left to the Grand Juries, they will have little representation on the County Councils. We know by experience in the city of Belfast what the effect will be. In striking contrast to the tolerance shown by Catholic bodies in the south, Catholics are excluded from any office above the rank of scavenger. Does Mr. Balfour's form of minority representation meet the case of the Nationalist in the north-east as well as that of the landlord in the south-west? If not, it is palpably unjust.

Further, it will be pernicious in its practical effect. If "minority representation" means any form of the amiable fad connected with the name of Mr. Thomas Hare, it will be pernicious; for even the advocates of proportional representation now generally admit that small electoral districts are necessary for efficient local government. If, on the other hand, it means the introduction into the County Councils of any body of *ex-officio* councillors, or even of persons elected by a limited constituency, it would mean the introduction of the same element of friction and unrest which now exists in Boards of Guardians. If the old Grand Jury class had shown conspicuous honesty and ability in local administration (as one could perhaps say of the English county magistrates), there would be something to be said for continuing their power; but they have neither been honest nor capable. One need not appeal to hostile sources to show their long record of corruption. Mr. Froude, in his "English in Ireland," describes sufficiently the jobbery which caused the "Hearts of Steel" to begin moonlighting in the

most Orange districts of Ulster during the last century. To come down to later date, and after some attempt had been made at reform, Mr. Campbell Foster, the anti-Irish special correspondent of the *Times* in the "Forties," gives a precisely similar picture. If within the last few years there has been less open jobbery, the change has been due to two causes. In the first place, the Grand Juries are more controlled by the central Government and by the influence of public opinion. In the second place, the Irish landlord has now so precarious a tenure of his estates that it is hardly worth his while to get the county to build him a bridge or make him an avenue. Any Irish landlord who has done his duty in the past would probably be able to get himself elected to a County Council by popular suffrage. The others are not wanted on the county boards.

So much for the form of the governing body. Now as to its powers. Mr. Balfour let fall a significant hint during the discussion on the Land Purchase Bill. He seemed to say that the County Councils would not be empowered to make or levy their own rates. On every ground, and particularly from the point of view of efficient collection of the rates, I believe this decision would be most unfortunate. That there would be certain compulsory payments, just as there are now compulsory presentments, may be taken for granted. But it would be ridiculous, in order to secure those compulsory payments, to make a tax-collecting authority entirely independent of the administrative authority. Briefly, it may be said that the County Council should have all the powers of the Grand Jury which are similar to those which have been transferred to English County Councils from Quarter Sessions. The principal of these powers relate to the following matters:—The making and levying of all county or baronial rates, the borrowing of money for certain county purposes, the provision of county halls, assize courts, court-houses and other county buildings, the maintenance of asylums for pauper lunatics, the maintenance of children in reformatories and industrial schools, county roads and bridges, the fixing of fees for some and the election of other county officers, the division of the county into polling districts for parliamentary elections, the giving of compensation for malicious injury, the execution as local authority of various Acts of Parliament. The Grand Jury should be entirely deprived of its fiscal or administrative authority, and left to perform only the work of presentment in criminal cases, which is done by Grand Juries in England.

But a difficulty, which will be admitted by everyone, comes in when we try to set limits on the central control which may be exercised over the County Councils. It is generally recognised in Ireland that a certain amount of central control is necessary. What is asked is not county authorities independent of central control, but a central authority subject to the control of the Irish people collectively. It might even be well, if we had Home Rule in Ireland, to have in every county an agent of the central government resembling the *préfet* in a French department. A Nationalist dealing with the question of central control is drawn asunder by contrary hopes and fears. After Home Rule is carried, central control will be at once popular and useful: until Home Rule is carried, it means the control of a set of officials in Dublin Castle who are entirely out of sympathy with the people. It would perhaps be a fair compromise if central control was given in Ireland in those cases where it has been given in England, and also in some of those other cases where, under the present system of county government, it has been given in Ireland although not in England. We have no objection to a proper audit of the county accounts and a proper control of the county borrowing powers. It might also be possible, if in other matters the Irish County Councils were left unhampered, to allow the central authority to control the valuation

and to appoint the county surveyors, even though no such central control is known in England. There might even be something said, if the Bill was otherwise satisfactory, in favour of allowing the central authority for the time being to control the police. But if, on the other hand, the Government try to go further, and to impose a central control on the Irish County Councils which is neither imposed on the English County Councils nor on the Irish Grand Juries, the Irish members, however moderate might be their claims or their expectations, would be forced to carry the war into the enemy's country and fight every clause in the Bill which provided for any greater central control than exists in England.

There are certain other provisions in the English Local Government Bill which we shall expect to see followed in the Irish Bill. I may mention, as examples, the provisions empowering the Local Government Board to transfer, by provisional order, to the County Councils powers exercised by Government Departments relating to matters arising within the county, and to transfer the powers exercised by river conservators, drainage boards, etc. We might hope in that way to get rid in some measure of the Board of Works. We might in the same way expect the County Councils to be empowered to prevent the pollution of rivers, and to oppose Bills in Parliament. There are other powers now exercised by Boards of Guardians that might, with advantage, be transferred to the County Councils, especially the execution, as local authority, of the Labourers' Acts and the Housing of the Working Classes Act, and the Technical Education Acts. The extravagant and absurd provisions relating to light railways under the Act of 1883 might be amended. Various difficulties may occur in the constitution of the local bodies. The barony is generally too large an area either for electoral or assessment purposes, while the "electoral division" of the Union is, perhaps, too small. It would be better in some ways to group electoral divisions than to subdivide baronies. A fight may possibly take place over Presentment Sessions. Common sense would point to their abolition. The County Councils should be allowed to provide themselves a means, by committees or otherwise, of receiving and considering applications and tenders for smaller local works. But it is never safe to prophesy in matters of Irish government that common sense will prevail. A fight will doubtless be made to give the County Councils control of land purchase. These, and many other matters, are wearisome to the British public, and will, doubtless, drive members of the House of Commons to the smoking-room when the time comes.

It is only necessary to say, in conclusion, that, whatever measure of local government is given to us, it will not be Home Rule, or anything like Home Rule, and that it is useless for Liberals to say that it is Home Rule for the purpose of taunting the Tories with their inconsistency, or for Tories to say that it is as good as Home Rule in order to taunt us with our discontent. It may be, as Lord Salisbury said at Newport, that county government will be more dangerous to the "loyal minority" than a national government. The honest ones among them have not much to fear from either. The Local Government Bill may be a useful reform, though it cannot touch the causes of Irish discontent. It will, at least, should that course again become necessary, enable us to make government impossible in Ireland with more facility and less risk than at any previous time.

E. F. V. KNOX.

P.S.—As my article on Local Government in this number of THE SPEAKER was written about a month ago, I may perhaps be allowed to supplement it by a reference to Mr. T. W. Russell's article in the *National Observer* of September 19th. On one point I cordially agree with him. District Councils should be established at the same time as the County Councils. But I doubt whether a measure

establishing both District and County Councils can be passed in the same session of Parliament.

But Mr. Russell's main object seems to be to restrict the franchise. He argues, firstly, that the franchise cannot be the same as in England because there is no such franchise in Ireland now. There was no such thing as the present local government franchise in English rural districts until the Act of 1888. What we ask is that a local government franchise similar to that which was established by the Local Government Act for England should be established by the Local Government Act for Ireland. Mr. Russell argues, secondly, that the franchise should be restricted in Ireland because "in many cases the landlord pays half of the cess, and in all cases where the valuation is under £4 he pays the whole of it. As there are more than 200,000 holdings in Ireland under £4 valuation, it will be seen at once how serious the question becomes." Now this is a very gross mis-statement which should be nailed to the counter at once. It is already repeated in the leading article in the *Times* of Wednesday, and might soon pass current among Unionists as undoubted truth. The landlord only pays half the cess in a few cases, perhaps in one case in fifty, while he does not in all cases, where the valuation is under £4, pay the whole of the cess. In such cases he pays the whole of the poor rate (which has nothing to do with the coming local Government Act), but only pays the cess where the tenancy was created after the passing of the Land Act of 1870. This applies to, perhaps, 10,000 out of the 200,000 holdings under £4 valuation. When extra cess is levied for malicious injuries and for extra police the whole is in every case paid by the tenant. I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Russell can have made this mistake, as this distinction between the poor rate and the cess was dwelt on in one of his own speeches in committee on the Land Purchase Bill last session.

The fact is, that there is no good argument whatever in favour of the restriction of the franchise in Ireland which could not have been used in favour of the restriction of the franchise in England, and so Irish Unionists have to invent the facts to suit their theory.

E. F. V. K.

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL DAILY.

A JOURNALIST'S REMINISCENCE.

GLANCING over an article in which an American magazine has told its readers something of the provincial newspapers of the United States, I was reminded forcibly of some experiences of my own in the very earliest days of our English provincial press. It is ludicrous to contrast that day of small things with the full noon which we have since attained, to compare the organisation and machinery of our first provincial dailies with the state of things which has now been reached in the great offices of Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and a dozen other important towns; and yet the contrast, though ludicrous, is not without interest.

The first provincial daily newspaper was the *Northern Daily Express*, started at Darlington in the year 1855 by a gentleman named Watson. Why Darlington should have been fixed upon as the birth-place of the first penny daily outside London it is difficult to say, though it is interesting to recall the fact that Darlington was also the birthplace of the first passenger railway in the world. Whatever may have been the reasons which induced Mr. Watson to establish his paper in the dull capital of Quakerism, they were not sufficiently strong to lead him to remain there, for in 1856 he transferred his venture to the busy town of Newcastle, and there endeavoured to secure for it a permanent success. It was in Newcastle,

towards the close of 1856, that I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Watson and of the office of the *Northern Daily Express*; and a curious place that office must have seemed to anyone acquainted with the establishments in which the big dailies of the present year of grace are produced for the benefit of their readers. The ground floor and the basement of a house in Clayton Street West had been hired by Mr. Watson, and here his daily paper was every morning produced. In the cellar was the one printing press which was needed for the issue of the paper. The two rooms on the ground floor were occupied by all the other different departments. The back room was the composing office. How many compositors were employed I should hardly like at this distance of time to say, but the room itself was so small that it could certainly not have accommodated more than a dozen. The front room was fitted up as an office. At the counter copies of the paper were sold and advertisements received. In one corner was a desk devoted by day to the use of a clerk and by night to the two readers who corrected the proofs. In the opposite corner a couple of small desks were hidden behind a glass screen. At one of these sat the gentleman who combined the functions of reporter and sub-editor, whilst at his elbow sat the editor forging his thunderbolts. Even when one remembers how poor a thing a provincial daily newspaper was five-and-thirty years ago, it is difficult to understand how it could have been produced in so small a space as that which was devoted to the work. Yet in that little front room in the house in Clayton Street West, Newcastle, the provincial daily press made its first strides towards the position of commanding influence which it has now secured; and, poor as were its outward circumstances, it enjoyed even then the services of talents of no common order.

The first editor of the *Express* was, I believe, a gentleman named Baskett, who was subsequently for a short period the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and of whom I have long since lost sight. He was followed very shortly after the removal of the paper from Darlington to Newcastle by a man who in literary power and real journalistic ability has had few equals on the English press. This was Mr. James B. Manson, a native of Scotland, who had spent some years in Canada. Mr. Manson was a born journalist of the old school. He was the master of a literary style at once picturesque and forcible, he had vast stores of knowledge, and was never at a loss for a good story wherewith to point a moral and adorn a leader. Above all, he had that instinct of the journalist which enabled him to seize upon the subject of the moment and to present it to his readers in the shape in which it is most certain to attract their attention and command their sympathies. Very remarkable was the work which in that day of small things he did for the little paper with which he was connected, and very great was the influence he speedily acquired in the community which had, in the first instance, looked upon the appearance of a daily newspaper in its midst as an unnecessary and unwarrantable intrusion upon the preserves of the old weeklies. There was a great local controversy dividing classes in Newcastle in those bygone days. A popular and estimable Evangelical clergyman, who was the minister of a certain extra-parochial church, had died. The gift was in the hands of a small body of local men, and the then Vicar of Newcastle, who was hardly a popular personage, and who, if I mistake not, was himself a member of the body in whose hands the patronage of the living lay, secured the appointment. It was a clear case of pluralism, and it offended the moral instincts of all those who were already ranged in arms against abuses in the Church. The Vicar was too strong for his opponents, and having been duly installed in the living he held it against all-comers; but what a battle royal was that which was waged for many weeks and months in the northern town! And with what splendid vigour and audacity did the editor of the *Express* lead the

fight! Morning after morning the people of Newcastle turned eagerly to the *Express* to see "what Manson had to say," and seldom were they disappointed in the expectation that they would find in the leading article of the day trenchant criticism, sharp animadversion, and brilliant rhetoric, enlivened not only by literary grace of style, but by a quaint and genuine humour. In those days the influence of an editor in a provincial town was far more directly personal than it is now, when even our provincial towns have attained to something of a metropolitan character. Mr. Manson was a power in the place, and was hated and admired accordingly by the different sections into which the community was divided. It was his brilliant pen which first made the *Express* a success.

But second only in influence to him was the gentleman who combined, as I have said, the duties of reporter and sub-editor, who toiled during the long hours of the day in Police Court or Bankruptcy Court, at public meeting or Town Council, and who spent his evenings far on into the night in doing the ordinary sub-editorial work of the paper. This was Mr. Lowes, a noted shorthand writer in his time, who subsequently became the editor of the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, and who still, I am glad to say, lives in the enjoyment of a well-earned repose. It was Mr. Lowes who first allowed the public men of the North to taste the joys—sometimes rather bitter in the month—of verbatim reporting. He could write an almost fabulous number of words a minute, and his reports of speeches had at least the merit of being full and accurate. If they wanted the grace which the practised London reporter of to-day manages to infuse into the speech of even a halting speaker, so much the worse for the orator who had not attended to his grammar. By the length and fidelity of his reports of meetings, which the weekly papers had hitherto condensed into a few lines, Mr. Lowes secured for the *Express* a reputation hardly inferior to that gained for it by the powerful writing of its editor. Incredible as it may seem to the modern journalist accustomed to the strict sub-division of duties and the ample staff to be found in most newspaper offices to-day, these two men in its earliest days produced everything original which appeared in the *Express*.

By-and-by, as people began dimly to perceive that a daily newspaper was not meant to die, a local tradesman named Marshall was induced to join his forces to those of Mr. Watson and to bring additional capital into the concern. The whole of the small house in Clayton Street was taken for the purposes of the paper, and editor and reporter each secured a room of his own. The luxury of a sub-editor who was confined to that work was next indulged in, and in course of time the reporting staff itself was strengthened. Then Mr. Manson retired for a time from the paper, and his place was taken by a gentleman who was destined subsequently to secure eminence in another branch of journalism, Mr. James Clark, afterwards one of the founders and proprietors of the *Christian World*. Mr. Clark, though a good newspaper manager, had nothing of the literary ability of Mr. Manson, and after a comparatively brief reign, he retired, and Manson returned to his old post like a giant refreshed. By this time other newspaper proprietors in Newcastle, as well as elsewhere, were beginning to perceive the future which lay before the provincial daily press, and the *Express* found itself faced by a formidable rival in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. A third daily paper soon afterwards entered the scene in the shape of the *Daily Journal*. To this paper, as I have already said, the services of Mr. Lowes were transferred, and he became for a time its leading spirit.

Then a great blow fell upon the *Express*. A new daily paper had been started in Edinburgh as a rival of the *Scotsman*, and Mr. Manson was induced to become its editor. In Edinburgh he laboured for some years with the zeal and ability which were characteristic of the man, but he never made the

great mark there for himself which he had made in Newcastle. Perhaps the field was an uncongenial one, perhaps he was overawed by the unquestioned supremacy of that prince of modern journalists, Mr. Alexander Russel. Be this as it may, he continued to devote himself with unflagging industry to his new paper, until one day he was found seated at his desk dead, his pen in his hand and an unfinished leading article on the table before him.

In the meantime his place had been taken at Newcastle by a man who was in every respect worthy to be his successor. This was Mr. James Macdonell, whose subsequent career as a leader writer, first on the *Daily Telegraph* and then on the *Times*, though cut short by a premature death, has gained for him a permanent place in the records of the English press. Mr. Macdonell, when he first came to Newcastle, was the perfervid Scot, and his enthusiasm on behalf of all things which tended to make for Liberalism in politics, literature, and religion, soon drew to him a band of fervent admirers, who loved and trusted him to the last. But his stay in Newcastle was comparatively brief. The wider field of London had a magnetic attraction for him, as for most clever young journalists, and he entered it, speedily to make his mark there.

Then evil days fell upon the *Express*. Mr. Marshall died, Mr. Watson retired from it. New proprietors and new writers came upon the scene, and the paper was brought face to face with a condition of things of which no one had formed any conception when the little sheet was first launched in 1855. By this time the provincial daily press had become a power, and the *Express* found itself confronted by a rivalry against which it could not struggle. I have no heart to tell its subsequent history, and indeed, before Mr. Macdonell retired from the editorship, I had myself lost touch with the Newcastle press. But this brief story of the pioneer in provincial daily journalism may not be without interest for some of my readers. It will at least satisfy them of the magnitude of the strides which have been taken within the memory of living men in the development of that which is now a great national institution.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IS criticism really, as M. Anatole France would have us think, the history of a soul in contact with masterpieces? If it be, then in this new spiritual hierarchy, this new soul-classification, M. France's soul will rank as that very *animula vagula, blandula*, of which Hadrian spoke. It is a delicate and amiable spirit, in charity with all men, and filled with an immense pity, even for M. Zola. Criticism founded on the theory that to understand is to forgive is not much to our ruder English taste; with us the literary Berserker flourishes, and the gentle Anatole France—one says this as instinctively as one says the gentle Elia—is, therefore, known over here only to a few bookmen. We all know him, to be sure, as the author of "*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*," a charming little story, even in the English translation which has lately appeared, and a self-revelation of a sort, but not to be compared with the exquisite self-revelations in literary criticism which its author makes from week to week in the columns of the *Temps*. In the latest volume of these papers, reprinted under the title of "*La Vie Littéraire*" (Calmann Lévy), one finds all M. France's best and most distinctive qualities: mansuetude of style, solid erudition worn lightly like a feather, a passionate love of letters, an amiable bibliomania (was he not born and bred in a book shop under the shadow of his beloved Institute?), a vein of tender melancholy, and a sweet humility of temper. But his humility has not turned away the wrath of the aggressive M. Ferdinand Brunetière, champion-in-chief of classic orthodoxy and judicial criticism, who has roundly denounced this bookish

innocent as a "corrupter of youth." What M. Brunetière precisely means by raising M. France to these Socratic honours is not quite clear, unless, as one is half inclined to suspect, it is merely done to exhibit M. Brunetière's well-known dexterity in administering hemlock. It is, perhaps, worth while reproducing the passage (from a former volume of "*La Vie Littéraire*") on which this perverse charge of corruption is based.

"There is no such thing as objective criticism any more than there is such a thing as objective art, and all who flatter themselves that they put something else than themselves into their work are dupes of the most fallacious philosophy. The truth is that one never gets away from one's self. That is one of our great troubles. What would we not give to see heaven and earth, for one moment, with the faceted eye of a fly, or to understand Nature with the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang? But that is altogether denied us. We are shut up in our person as in a perpetual prison. The best we can do, it seems, is to accept this frightful condition with a good grace and to confess that we speak of ourselves whenever we have not the strength to be silent."

In this position there is, or should be, nothing startling; it belongs to the general metaphysic of the World as Idea which is now, in the studio slang, an "old hat" for the veriest tyro in philosophy. But it shocks M. Brunetière, who is for prescribing hemlock at once and freely. Away, he cries in effect, with this Pyrrhonist! "Could one affirm with more perfect assurance that there is nothing assured?" For his part, M. Brunetière is very sure of everything: sure that there is no safety outside objective criticism, sure that M. Anatole France, M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Paul Desjardins, and the rest of the new school of subjective critics, are corrupters of youth; sure, in fact, that orthodoxy is M. Brunetière's doxy. But M. France is quite as tenacious in his own meek way. He continues to believe in the irremediable diversity of opinions and to make large allowance for the "personal equation."

M. Brunetière has another bone to pick with M. Anatole France. Being a judicial critic, the professor insists upon assigning marks, upon drawing up a class-list of men of letters—"First Prize," "Second Prize," and "*Proxime accessit*." Thus Daudet is little, Chateaubriand is great, Boileau is greater, and the greatest of all is Bossuet. Such are the freaks of the University Don as critic. Now, M. Anatole France judges not at all; the essence of his method is sympathy; he aims at revealing what is lovable in literature.

And he finds what is lovable everywhere. An eccentric Englishman in one of his novels—for M. France has written other novels than "*Sylvestre Bonnard*," and no less delightful—has a quaint hobby for collecting in little phials specimens of the water of all the rivers of both hemispheres. M. France has something of this catholicity. For him Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are neither better nor worse than the waters of Israel. He collects impartially from them all, and all is fish that comes to his net from them, from the Abbess Hrotswitha—who wrote a comedy in the time of the Emperor Otho which had to wait until the time of President Carnot to be played (by marionettes) in Paris—to M. Paul Verlaine, from Joan of Arc to Lady Morgan, from the reveries of an Egyptian monk in the fourth century to the ribaldries of the "*Chat noir*" in the fag-end of this; and he lays bare for us the charm of all that he touches—or rather, to adopt his own notation, he makes everything he touches lay bare for us the charm of his own soul. In other words, he is an artist in criticism. Which is to say, he is not a moralist. That sweet humility of his has nothing evangelic about it; rather is it the outward and visible sign of that renunciation of the will-to-live which the Buddha of Frankfort declared to be the true mark of the artist. Though he speaks of saints (he knows the "*Aeta Sanctorum*" as only seminary-bred scholars know it) as a saint, he has a paternal indulgence for the others, even, as we said, for M. Zola. This catholicity, this Mon-

taignesque trick of being "*ondoyant et divers*" will hardly, one fears, be the best recommendation for him in England, where the great Brunetière party waxeth fat and kicketh, and sweet humility of temper in criticism is apt to be shouted down by any leather-lungs with a dogma. But, for those who have eyes to see, a page of M. Anatole France after a page of, say, Mr. Fronde's or Mr. Lecky's so-called "critical work" comes as a revelation.

Action and reaction, say the men of science, are equal and in contrary directions. In literature they have a perverse trick of being unequal. M. Anatole France, along with M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Paul Bourget, represents the reaction against the arid classicism of Nisard and the scientific "*æstropsychology*" of Taine: and here it cannot be said that "the old is better." But the reaction which has been lately making its appearance in the novel, the reaction against the frank brutality of the Naturalist School, shows a loss of force as well as a change of direction. Take, for instance, "*L'Exorcisée*" (Lemerre) by M. Paul Hervieu, one of the new novelists.

The new novelist deals—it goes without saying—with the old subject, the great duel of sex. His combatants are well-born and well-bred, for M. Hervieu writes for the *Figaro*, and, therefore, like the late M. Feuillet and M. Henri Rabusson, only recognises the existence of persons of quality. M. Gérard de la Malgue, a bachelor with a taste for philosophising about love, and collecting elegant upholstery, which M. Bourget might envy, lays siege to the elegant Madame Saint-Vrain des Ormes, whose husband has "*la carrure forte et un peu lâchée de gentleman-farmer*," and is, therefore, a brute. Never was siege more quaintly conducted. Page after page is filled with a curious casuistry about what is, by courtesy, called love, in a style half precious, half scientific, which suggests at once the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the colloquies of Professor Bellac and Miss Lucy in "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*," and the materialistic jargon of the learned Adrien Sixte. Nothing (fortunately for morality) is done, and everything—and more—that can be said is said. The gentleman propounds his theory, the lady hers, there is rejoinder and counter-rejoinder: not Hamlet himself was given to unpacking his heart with more words. This is to add a new terror to seduction stories, the terror of pseudo-philosophic boredom. The new method makes even less for righteousness than the old unblushing nudities of the naturalists. For the reader, out of all patience, is tempted to wish that the lady would succumb, and so have done with the talking. Here is the quite untranslatable description of Madame Saint-Vrain des Ormes' chin. "*Le menton portait une marque rose-pâle, bizarre et tel qu'on aurait pu en songer un stigmat dont le viol du baiser laisserait ainsi cette empreinte tendre.*" To this complexion has the young French novelist come through an over-zealous imitation of the "*écriture artiste*" invented by the Messieurs de Goncourt. No wonder that plain French should sound out of harmony with such nineteenth century *maricaudage*. M. de la Malgue alludes, in a momentary deviation into simple speech, to "*l'adultère usuel*" ("*usuel*" is good). "*Chut!*" answers Madame Saint-Vrain des Ormes, "*Cette expression me fait toujours l'effet d'un gros mot.*" Precisely. But the "*gros mot*" of the Naturalists was more honest and, therefore, more moral than the alembicated jargon of M. Paul Hervieu. "*Décadent*" poetry is tiresome enough, but what are we to say of decadent prose? In this case, decidedly, the old is better.

Talking of decadent poetry, one has to confess to a certain disappointment over the recently issued "*Cheix de Poésies*" of M. Paul Verlaine (Charpentier). The selection, for which it is presumed the author is not responsible—Verlainism and responsibility are irreconcilable ideas—has not been well done. One or two of the "nineteenth century Villon's" best things are here: the now-famous "*Clair de Lune*"—

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi-
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques—

and the delicious "chant d'automne." But the best of the "Poèmes Saturniens"—

Moi, j'allais rêvant du divin Platon
Et de Phidias,
Et de Salamine et de Marathon,
Sous l'œil clignotant des bleus becs de gaz—

and others not less characteristic are absent. We still want a good Verlanthology. Perhaps one of the small but fervent band of English Verlanians will kindly see to this?

AT WEIMAR, DREAMING.

WE had turned our backs on the Rhine, dazed with its magic dreams of knights and dragons and fair maids; Frankfort's *Electrische Ausstellung* had rudely awakened us to the utmost verge of the twentieth century, and, after a long and dusty railway journey, we found our admiration claimed again by Eisenach's thickly wooded acropolis and the skirts of the Thuringerwald, which loomed black against the evening sky. But we were feeling *blasés*, and fain would find a spot where nothing was forced upon our admiration—where neither Nature nor the art of man pampered us with such lavish prodigality.

A sense of sweet satisfaction stole over us as the Thuringerwald grew more and more distant on our right, while we glided through a pleasant ever-widening and undulating plain—a patchwork counterpane of hedgeless fields, white waving oats, billows of golden wheat and ambrosial beans blowing hoary in the breeze. So the country rose and fell with the sweet monotony of the swell of a summer sea, and ere the pleasure cloyed we stopped at Weimar. In the twilight we could just descry the white walls of the little town against the dark of the low hills that rise around it. Here, at last, our wishes seemed destined to be fulfilled. Nothing imperiously demanded the wondering gaze of weary eyes. A horseshoe of soft-wooded hills, into which the town nestled, and on each side the treeless, sweeping plain. This was all.

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas, ease after warre": truly Weimar is all this to the weary tourist. Weimar is sleeping and smiling in its sleep as it dreams of the bright days of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, and all the galaxy of genius that shed its lustre on this favoured spot. Its interest lies wholly in the past: the tide of genius has ebbed and left a few old relics high and dry which still have power to set the fancy free. The life of the little place goes on indeed, but in a kind of undertone. Every Wednesday and Saturday morning there is a hum of voices in the market square; thrifty housewives buy their cherries and strong cheese, the swain selects the best of the roses that make an Eden of one corner of the market, and the short-skirted countrywomen thread the throng with great baskets on their backs.

Still all this business seems an empty show. Only Goethe and Carl August are real as they stand there unheeding and unheeded, cracking whips and trying who can crack the loudest; or else Schiller comes towards us, his shoulders bowed with the scholar's stoop and a noble discontent contracting his troubled brow. Or if we make our way down those narrow cañons of man's making yclept *Gassen*, we still seem to move in the past and look for Herder on some errand of mercy to a bare garret. We come out on to the broad square—and, say, did we not catch a glimpse of Becky Sharp's little pair of bronze boots tripping into the Elephant Hotel as we passed? But here is the statue of the grand Carl August on horseback in

the midst of the square, and we are again transported to days gone by. Over yonder is a lofty yellow building—the library; if we care to go within and climb the silent stairs, we shall catch side-glances of Goethe amongst the pillars; there he is, looking with the fastidious eye of genius to see if there is not some little alteration he can yet make in the designs of his beloved *Bibliothek*. Or let us enter his sanctum; his books lie open on the table amid a profusion of electrical instruments; the quill is even now wet, but the chair is pushed back, and the master-craftsman is leaning out of window looking down at the "unconquerable source of his heart's joy"—the Frau von Stein. Our entrance has interrupted him, and as he looks round we quail beneath the glance of those ethereal eyes lighting the god-like face. We have intruded too far. Let us out among the trees whose tops we see below this high casement. That seedy-looking building hard by is the *Schloss*; now it is almost buried in whispering foliage, but still we can descry one long window looking down upon the road; it opens on to a balcony, and—look—is there not a short thickset figure standing there? His hands are clasped tight behind him: beneath his cocked hat a broad placid brow and inexorable mouth: in the road below squadrons of infantry march past, dusty and bloodstained, saluting as they pass. It is the day after Jena. The last soldier has saluted and gone by. We see the Emperor turn to Talleyrand and go within and seat himself at breakfast. The poet of the day has been summoned. Reluctantly he comes. Though sixty years sit on his back, his step is agile and his form erect, nor has his eye grown strange to the fine frenzy. The man of few words looks up, and between the mouthfuls pronounces the memorable verdict, "*Vous êtes un homme.*"

The babbling of the Ihm disturbs our dream. We are walking by a broad shallow river, beneath a green arcade of lofty trees, and between the trunks we catch glimpses of a level greensward bosomed round with volumes of soft foliage. Here is the poet's own domain, and we may see him pass, his brow clouded with the cares of a Minister of State. If we follow him with our eyes we shall see him pass into that white cot against the fir-trees which men call Goethe's Gartenhaus. Fit place this to court the muse, with no sound but the plaint of the yellow-hammer and the stream babbling to the whisper of the trees that bend above it. But we can find a more secluded spot than this. Leaving the jarring discord of the cobble streets, we come to a green corner where all sounds of the outer world fall muffled on the ear: it is the churchyard, or, as they call it, the yard of peace. Luxuriant honeysuckle robs the gravestones of their heavy gloom. Shrubs of evergreen and growths of clambering briony shut out the world of man, and long quivering grasses soften the outline of the swelling sod that tells its tale of death. In the small chapel half-hid among the trees is a winding staircase which leads down to a cold darkling vault. By the dim light of a tiny lamp we see coffin after coffin—part seen, part hidden in the gloom; two there are close by us side by side: on each is laid a rich tribute of wreaths of laurel and of evergreen; the *cicerone* holds the lamp down low, and we read on the one "Schiller," and on the other "Goethe."

Henceforth Weimar must be dreaming for us. Beside that mortality immortal all the present is petty and transitory—a gnat buzzing out its existence in one evening at the foot of the eternal hills. Unkempt poetasters and *litterati* still gather together at concerts in the evening, and sit at round tables beneath odorous limes and drink their *scidels* of beer and smoke cigars; and they form their coteries, and grow long hair and look sad and unwashed, and they wait. But *Sesame* has opened and closed, and the watchword is forgotten. Dream on, sweet Weimar, and wake not, prythee, till we sleep.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

VI.—OUGHT EVERYTHING TO BE ABOLISHED?

I HAVE studied carefully the recent correspondence on the Drink Question in two of our great morning papers. It was a difficult question to me at one time, I confess; I could not see rightly what ought to be done; but I see perfectly clearly now. It was impossible for me to read any of those letters without being convinced; the logic of all of them was quite unanswerable, and I now hold, and can support by statistics, every single possible opinion on the Drink Question, besides many which are impossible. I am opposed to excessive drinking because it is degrading, to moderate drinking because it is insidious, and to total abstinence because it deteriorates the human race. I have determined to have absolutely nothing to do with any one of these three practices; each one of them has been proved to be totally wrong; and I cannot do anything which I know to be totally wrong. To be drunk or sober or anything of the kind is immoral. The three things which the nation must abolish at once are—excessive drinking, moderate drinking, and total abstinence. Compromise will not do; we must give them all up; it is impossible to fight against overwhelming medical testimony. It is not enough to say, "We will not drink"; we must also say, "We will drink"; and in both cases we must keep our word. It is perfectly clear what we ought to do.

Unfortunately, it is less clear how we are to do it. We are nothing if we are not practical. We must carry our opinions to their logical conclusion. I have attempted it; and it was this attempt which led me to ask myself if it would not be easier, and quicker, and better, to abolish everything—including the human race, the manners of children, and gratuities at restaurants. Those who write letters to the daily papers really ought not to make them so convincing. When a man holds three opinions, all different and contradictory, and tries to shape his life by them, he may be driven to desperation.

I happened the other day to enter the office of a friend of mine, when I detected his chief clerk—a man in whom he had the utmost confidence—in the very act of totally abstaining; and this was at eleven in the morning. A few questions elicited all the facts of the case; the man had been a secret teetotaler for years. He did not think he would ever be any better; he had frequently abstained during office-hours before; the habit had grown on him; he had begun by giving up intoxicants altogether, and it had gone on and on until now he never took them. He was quite aware that he was deteriorating the human race. "But what can I do?" he said pathetically. "My father was a teetotaler, and a fox-terrier that used to belong to my aunt drinks nothing but water. The curse is in the blood. Ibsen!" I endeavoured to secure the man's dismissal, but my friend refused to dismiss anyone for either total abstinence or moderate drinking. He only dismissed for drunkenness. As I pointed out to him, wretched compromises like that are responsible for half the misery of the world. He replied that if he dismissed for the other two reasons as well he would never have a single clerk in his office. "Then abolish your office," I said. I am never afraid of pushing things to their logical conclusion.

The only point where I hesitated was when I discovered that I should have to abolish myself. I am always either drinking or abstaining. It would be easy enough to give *one* of them up; but I feel that I ought to give *both* up, and I cannot do it. I allowed personal sentiments to influence me, and I did not abolish myself. I have known him for many years, and I do not want to be too hard on him. Still, if duty calls me, in the end I must obey; I should abolish the other things first, though.

Only, I should like to be quite sure that duty does call me. At the present moment I am con-

vinced that all three practices are wrong—excessive drinking, moderate drinking, and total abstinence. But by reading the same correspondence in the same papers from a slightly different point of view, I can always convince myself that the same three practices are perfectly right. For the man who objects to drunkenness may be equally logical when he shows the benefits of total abstinence; the man who condemns the teetotaler may be right in his praise of the moderate drinker. If this be so, one need not abolish anything: one ought, in fact, to encourage everything. As I think over it, I become less sure than I was that the discussion of the Drink Question has really cleared up all my difficulties. In fact, it seems to have increased them, and only left me with a vague impulse to do something or else to leave it undone.

THE DRAMA.

IT is easy to understand why the generation which was in its May of youth and bloom of lustihood in the 'sixties liked Robertsonian comedy. What I cannot understand so easily is why the men of that generation still try to keep the Robertsonian legend alive in the 'nineties. They will not admit that what they, excusably enough, thought flawless a quarter of a century ago is anything but flawless now. No, it is a point of honour with them to uphold the literary reputation of Robertson in the very teeth of the Time-Spirit, to declare that the hero of their "green, unknowing youth" is still the hero of their "riper age." This fidelity to a fetish is touching. But at the same time it is, as I say, perplexing.

For I ask myself, in all sincerity, what is there in Robertson? I take up his plays and set myself to analysing the impressions I receive from them. At once I am baffled. For I find I receive absolutely no impressions from them. They tell me, as the French say, nothing at all. They seem to me neither pleasant nor unpleasant, but simply null. Discouraged, but determined to persevere, I read them again; but once more I find my mind a blank. All I note is . . . a sensation of drowsiness . . . a feeling that my pipe will soon want refilling . . . and then nothing, nothing, nothing.

Is it to be wondered at if I fall to doubting the candour of these my elders who do so persistently sound the praises of their hero? In the Palace of Truth I imagine them confessing themselves in this wise: "Yes, we liked Robertson's work in the 'sixties because the other people's work was, by comparison, so bad, because the Bancrofts played prettily, and the old Prince of Wales's was a pleasant little theatre, because we ourselves were sentimental young fellows at the time. It is true we don't like Robertson so much now, we have an uneasy feeling that we overdid our enthusiasm for him in those old days. But, for old sake's sake, we shall not publicly recant. We intend to deal reverently with Robertson's memory, and we expect you youngsters to humour our little foible for overpraising the man whom we loved long ago." If they would talk in this way, I could understand this feeling and respect it. But they will not talk in this way. Here, for instance, is the foremost of them stoutly declaring this week that "Robertson's plays have a special interest of their own. They are observant, witty, and eminently unconventional." Observant? Well, Mr. Hare has revived *School* at the Garrick, and among the things which the author of *School* has observed I note these. He has observed that school-girls of fifteen and upwards (one of them is over age) hear the story of "Cinderella" for the first time, walk about public roads singing choruses, and ask their head master to explain to them "what is love." He has observed that school examinations are held

quite casually and *à voix* for the private delectation of elderly beaux and lordlings of tender years. He has observed that school-usbers bid pupil-teachers "brush me," and that, when this happens, the other girls rise *en masse* and fling their school-books at the usher's head. He has observed that the elder pupils promenade the school-grounds in the moonlight with the young lordlings and the lordlings' male friends, and flirt over milk-jugs. He has observed that the origin of humble pupil-teachers is like the "buth of Jeames, wrop in a mistry," and that they generally prove to be the long-lost grandchildren of the neighbouring squire. He has observed that the young lordling not only marries the pupil-teacher, but solemnly presents her on the wedding-day with a glass slipper, just to show her what a Prince Charming he is and what a Cinderella she. Where, I ask, did Robertson observe these things? "Why, in his mind's eye, Horatio," says someone. "Can't you see that all this is a fairy story, an attempt to bring *un rayon de l'idéal* across the footlights?" Very well; but why, in that case, call Robertson's work "observant"?

Then, again, it is "witty and eminently unconventional." "Witty?" Well, there is no arguing about wit. We all differ about that. The "you're another" form of repartee is still accepted, I believe, in some circles for excellent wit. Let that pass. But "eminently unconventional?" Beau Farintosh, a nineteenth-century Lord Ogleby, unconventional? Jack Poyntz, the eternal stupid-but-good-natured "Charles, his friend," unconventional? The usher, always "so 'umble" and always a sneak, unconventional? The long-lost grandchild, unconventional? The friendship of the wealthy heiress for the poor pupil-teacher, unconventional? The lordling who keeps his bride (in full robes and orange-blossoms) waiting for a quarter of an hour outside the garden door in order that he may turn the tables on all the other personages, unconventional?

Yet all this seems to our Robertsonian critic so eminently unconventional that he actually crowns his idol as—what do you think? no, you will never guess—as "the Ibsen of his time"! Robertson was "a cleanly, kindly, and English Ibsen." Our critic, you think, must surely have said this for a bet. I should have liked to fancy he had said it out of mere playfulness, as a little bit of harmless chaff of those whom he would call the Ibsenites. "Let me give these fellows a little dig in the ribs," I should have liked to imagine him saying. "They pooh-pooh Robertson, whom I admire, and admire Ibsen, whom I pooh-pooh. Then I will call Robertson an English Ibsen for sport, just to vex them in a friendly way." Had he done this we could all have joined in the laugh. But, bless you, our critic is quite serious. There is not a hint of conscious levity in his statement. I really believe he means what he says. And I fear my hair to think how we go about this world, wearing the same sort of hats and coats, having the same eyes, senses, affections, passions, and yet for ever remaining impenetrable mysteries one to the other, insoluble enigmas, carrying the secret of our own minds with us to the grave. And this very moment, as I am writing, comes a letter to me from a dramatist who knows my heterodoxy about Robertson and is sorry for me, to say (in italics, too), "I solemnly assure you that *School is literature*." Oh, my poor head!

The piece has been revived for the benefit of the second generation of the Hares and the Irvings; but I do not think the selection of a Robertsonian comedy, though, of course, kindly meant, was really a kindness either to Mr. Gilbert Hare or to Mr. H. B. Irving. The one succeeded as the usher, Krux, an easy character to play; the other practically failed as Lord Beaufof, an exceedingly difficult one. But neither success nor failure in such a play can be of any account to young players. Both Mr. Hare, junr., and Mr. Irving, junr., will have to learn their art in a very different kind of drama—unless Robertson be indeed the English Ibsen, and so as sure of the future

as the Scandinavian one. For the present it is enough to say that Mr. Gilbert Hare has a voice which is the very echo of his father's, discretion, and intelligence. Mr. H. B. Irving, too, has close—almost ludicrously close—points of resemblance to his father, in feature and attitude. His voice is not yet under control, his delivery is spasmodic, he was on the first night even more artificial—and that is saying a good deal—than his part. Clearly, he didn't believe in Lord Beaufof for one moment. How could he? Mr. Irving is a young Oxford man, with eyes in his head, and knows that the most foolish lordling who ever swaggered across Peckwater Quad or flaunted the Bullingdon ribbon down the High was never quite so silly as Lord Beaufof. Let them give him a part to play that is not in every line an insult to a clever lad's intelligence, and then we shall be able to guess what sort of a player he is likely to make, not before. Of the rest, Miss Kate Rorke is a pretty Bella and Miss Annie Hughes a rather too rollicking Naomi Tighe. Mr. Mackintosh exaggerates the senile decrepitude of Beau Farintosh. After all, a man may compass the feat of being a grandfather without being as full of years as Old Parr.

At the Lyceum Mr. Augustin Daly has given us another adaptation from his pet Von Schoenthan. *A Last Word* is a more considerable thing than *A Night Off* by just so much as Miss Ada Rehan in a big part is more considerable than Miss Ada Rehan in a small. Miss Rehan is a Russian Baroness in the new piece, with an exotic accent, a flamboyant red wig, and a fresh set of dresses by Worth. She queens it over the rest of the dramatic personages, taking all the other women under her wing and turning all the men round her little finger. Everything by turns—Ministering Angel, Tartar, Beatrice (with a Yankee Benedick), Katherine (reversing the parts and taming Petruchio), Portia with a tincture of Nerissa, the Duchess in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* grown young again—she is always Ada Rehan. She turns Mr. John Drew from a wooden prig into a live man, and Mr. George Clarke from a Roman father into a limp, lachrymose, "bless-you-my-children" parent. That is to say, she is demonic. And the piece in which she is and does all this is not worth describing.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

ONE of our Northern correspondents writes:—"HENRIK IBSEN, who is once more about to settle down in Christiania, where he has taken a house for the winter, is being considerably lionised in the Norwegian capital—a process to which the famous author apparently submits with more grace than one might almost have expected. Having been 'dined' and otherwise fêted on two or three previous occasions, HENRIK IBSEN was present, as the specially invited guest of the evening, on Thursday evening, September 17th, at a very interesting performance of *Ghosts*—the one of his plays which has probably met with the bitterest and most hostile criticism—at the Tivoli Theatre in Christiania. It was HERR LINDBERG's company which had taken upon itself the difficult task—the 'Christiania Theatre' having closed its doors for *Ghosts*—and LINDBERG himself rendered Oswald with masterly skill, FRU WINTERHJELM's Fru Alving also being a high-class performance. The presence of IBSEN evidently incited the actors to do their utmost, and they were much applauded, although the bulk of the enthusiasm was addressed to IBSEN himself. At the close of the performance IBSEN had to appear about a score of times, and the ovation has perhaps never been equalled in a Norwegian theatre. IBSEN was evidently well pleased."

"IBSEN is engaged" (our correspondent continues) "in the writing of a new play, with regard to which he, however, maintains his usual secrecy. Not even his wife or son is allowed a peep behind the curtain while he is at work, and it is not till the last evening before the mailing of the manuscript to his publisher at Copenhagen that he himself reads it aloud to them."

LITERARY criticism has many dwellings. Its official residences are the literary weeklies; it must be confessed that in some of these it wears its robes of state, is dignified, sober, not seldom dull, and inclined to deal in "justices' justice," but always eminently decorous and respectable. In the quarterlies and monthlies literary criticism may be said to be on a visit. There it is even more high and mighty than in the weeklies, as befits a grandee away from home. It now makes a departure which will be watched with interest in its new town-house, *The Bookman*, a sixpenny monthly, with DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL as major-domo, and a highly qualified staff of assistants.

A BIOGRAPHY of TOUSSAINT ROSE, from the pen of BARON MARC DE VILLIERS DU TERRAGE, will shortly be issued in a limited edition by MESSRS. MAY & MOTTEROZ. ROSE, who lived from 1611 to 1701, began life as secretary to CARDINAL DE RETZ. DE RETZ passed him on to MAZARIN, and MAZARIN to LOUIS XIV., whose confidence he retained for fifty years. LOUIS XIV. had four secretaries; but ROSE "bore the pen." "*Avoir la plume*," says SAINT-SIMON, "is to be a professional forger, and to do legally what would cost anyone else his life. It consists in imitating so exactly the handwriting of the king that it would be impossible to tell the difference."

THE BARON—with the long name—corrects an anecdote of ROSE which VOLTAIRE reports inaccurately. According to VOLTAIRE, ROSE proposed to announce to LA ROCHEFOUCAULD his appointment as Master of the Hounds in the following arrogant style:—"I rejoice as your friend at the gift which I bestow on you as your master;" but the King thought the message lacking in tact, and withheld it. "Now," remarks the BARON MARC, etc., "if it is true that the letter was not sent, it was owing to ROSE, who said, when the King submitted it to him, 'Sire, since your majesty does me the honour to consult me, may I say that this is too brilliant, and shows too much wit for a king's letter to one of his subjects? The character of the sovereign demands a graver tone.' LOUIS XIV., flattered at the skilful suggestion that he had too much genius for a king, commissioned ROSE to word the appointment differently."

THE above is a good example of the talented flattery which enabled ROSE to keep his post so long. He wrote most of the King's letters during his fifty years of office, was in all the King's secrets, and knew all his weak points. He was besides on friendly terms with the best writers of the time, especially with MOLIÈRE. His life should prove an interesting and piquant book.

OF the books, old and new, announced by MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN, none will receive a warmer welcome, from those at least who know the author's "Joseph and his Brethren," than "Stories after Nature," by CHARLES J. WELLS. Published anonymously in 1820, the book was received with unanimous neglect, and seems hardly even to have found a reader until MR. W. J. LINTON picked a copy off a bookstall in 1842. DANTE ROSSETTI, to whom MR.

LINTON lent his treasure, found the stories perfect in grace and power, tender and exquisite in choice of language, full of a noble and masculine delicacy in feeling and purpose; and in MR. SWINBURNE'S estimation they seem sometimes almost to attain the standard of the "Decameron."

ONCE at Woodford MR. LINTON saw WELLS. He was a small weather-worn, wiry man, looking like a sportsman or foxhunter. He had, indeed, been a great sportsman during a residence of many years in the north of France. There is something wizard-like about WELLS. He is one of the most curious personalities in the literary history of the first half of the century.

BOOKS of travel and biography figure most largely in MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co.'s autumn list. Among the former we note "Lord Randolph Churchill's South African Travels," illustrated with sketches by CAPTAIN GILES. The most important biographies are a memoir of HOGARTH, by MR. AUSTIN DOBSON; "The Marquis of Salisbury," by MR. H. D. TRAILL; and "Sir John Macdonald," by MR. G. M. ADAM. A new edition of WENDELL HOLMES'S works in fourteen volumes will be issued by the same firm.

AMONG the works announced by MESSRS. SONNENSCHEIN & Co. are "The Flight to Varennes and Other Historical Essays," by MR. OSCAR BROWNING, and a "History of Aesthetics," by MR. BERNARD BOSANQUET.

THE first volume of MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches and public addresses, edited by MESSRS. HUTTON & COHEN, will be issued shortly by MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. The same publishers have in the press volumes of verse by RUDYARD KIPLING and GRAHAM TOMSON.

THE twenty-eighth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER) begins with HOWARD, twelfth Duke of Norfolk, and ends with DR. INGELTHORPE, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 1291. DAVID HUME is by MR. LESLIE STEPHEN; LEIGH HUNT, by MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND; JAMES HOWELL, by MR. SIDNEY LEE; and EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon, by MR. C. H. FIRTH.

IN the rush and whirl of modern life men who once occupied prominent places, and whose names were familiar throughout the land, are so apt to be forgotten, that it is not improbable some may ask the question, "Who was GEORGE FIFE ANGAS?" So begins the preface of MR. EDWIN HODDER'S life of the father and founder of South Australia. It is true we have forgotten ANGAS, but the man who originated the South Australian Company, the Bank of South Australia, the National Provincial Bank of England, and the Union Bank of Australia, and whose foresight and prudence won for Great Britain the possession of New Zealand as a Colony, is not likely to be forgotten in the South Seas. His memory will, doubtless, yet be cherished here.

MR. R. W. MURRAY has endeavoured to produce a concise and trustworthy history of "South Africa from Arab Domination to British Rule" (STANFORD). A chapter has been contributed to MR. MURRAY'S book by PROFESSOR A. H. KEANE on "The Portuguese in South Africa."

A CONTEMPORARY account of the reigns of HENRY VIII. and EDWARD VI., written in Spanish, in all probability by a Spanish mercenary soldier in the service of England, and which was only discovered in Madrid in 1873, has been done into English by

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MR. M. A. S. HUME, and published by MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS. The chronicle is chiefly of value on account of the new information it contains regarding the lives and fortunes of those military adventurers to whose ranks the writer belonged.

THE October volume of the Whitefriars Library (HENRY & Co.) will be MR. RUDOLPH C. LEHMANN'S "In Cambridge Courts," an exceedingly humorous description in prose and verse of undergraduate life on the Cam.

MRS. L. B. WALFORD writes in her letter to the *New York Critic* a striking reminiscence of the Edinburgh Grassmarket. Twenty years ago she saw one of the Grassmarket tenements after it had fallen down in the night. Sixty people had been sleeping within its "condemned" walls, and of these the greater part had fallen victims; yet a little canary bird still chirped in a cage attached to one rickety wall, and a cuckoo clock, which had been undisturbed by the uproar, rang out its accustomed alarm while MRS. WALFORD stood looking at the ruin!

THE Americans are angry with MR. WILLIAM MORRIS for pronouncing some of the eritics "second-hand superior persons from Grub Street or Wall Street." They want to know why MR. MORRIS brackets Wall Street with Grub Street, and if he intends a fling at MR. STEDMAN, a "brother-poet." They think he is probably dissatisfied with the treatment his verse received in "Victorian Poets," and that he is "getting even" with MR. STEDMAN, who is a banker in Wall Street. In spite of this prompt appropriation of the cap, we are not prepared to say what MR. MORRIS meant by bracketing Grub Street and Wall Street; but we are quite certain that to bracket STEDMAN and MORRIS as brother-poets is to yoke Rozinante with Pegasus.

VICTORIAN FINANCE.

MELBOURNE, August 3, 1891.

THE last fortnight has been a very important one in Parliament. Hereafter it will probably be remembered only as the time when we formally assented to Federation, but that does not impress us much just now. If it had not been for Sir Bryan O'Loughlen, who has taken it into his head that there is some analogy between us and Ireland, and that Home Rule in Victoria must not be sacrificed, we could not even have produced a spirited debate. Happily, Sir Bryan succeeded in finding one or two supporters, and there was in this way the semblance of an Opposition, and three or four good speeches were elicited. If, however, we are nearly unanimous about Federation, we fall back into the old party ranks when questions of Victorian finance and administration are discussed. During the last ten days the Premier has made his Budget speech, and the Attorney-General, who is also Minister of Railways, has delivered himself of an eloquent invective upon our present system of railway administration. These two subjects are closely connected, for all our financial troubles arise from the cost of building and maintaining lines which are admittedly in excess of our present wants.

The Budget speech will, I am afraid, produce a worse effect in England than it has done here. The simple facts are that Mr. Munro, as leader of the Opposition, attacked the finance of the Gillies-Deakin Ministry as its vulnerable point, and made charges that were grossly exaggerated. His estimate of the deficit incurred varied from a million to a million and a half, and these statements have been reiterated till the world began to believe that they must be true. It was a fact that Mr. Gillies' calculations

had been to a great extent upset by unforeseen expenditure on railway construction; and when we were hoping that a good year would pull us through, the strike came and paralysed labour, reduced revenue, and saddled the Administration with heavy expenses. We were, therefore, prepared to hear that the Treasury was a little embarrassed; and Mr. Munro was in the anomalous position of being bound, if he could, to prove himself insolvent. He was so far equal to the occasion, that he announced an actual deficit "in the finance account, amounting to £710,015," of which £681,968 is attributable to the railways. He went on, however, to say, that there were arrears due by selectors and on account of sales by auction to the amount of £569,000. Practically, therefore, we are only £141,000 behind-hand in a bad year on a revenue of more than £8,000,000, and even against this must be set the fact that Mr. Gillies paid off £276,000 of railway debentures. Moreover, some lands near Melbourne, which Mr. Gillies proposed to sell, and which are worth nearly a million, must in all fairness be reckoned as an asset, which Mr. Gillies based his calculations upon, though Mr. Munro prefers not to alienate them. Consequently, though we might be short of money for a few months, if we had to rely entirely on that in the Treasury, there is no difficulty whatever in the situation, and the banks will give the Premier all the over-draft that he needs. He practically admits this, when he refuses to put on a single new tax, though he has his choice of several which would hardly be felt, and says that he will only take power, which he hopes will not be needed, to issue Treasury Bonds to the extent of £750,000. It would, of course, have been more creditable if Mr. Munro had retracted all that was extravagant and unwarrantable in his statements. Obviously, if the deficit is a real one, and if we are staggering under a load of debt, we need the most drastic remedies—taxation and retrenchment—instead of a mere debt of three-quarters of a million. The plain fact is, that there has been no economy, except in public works, and that it would not be safe to propose even moderate taxation in the face of accounts which show that it is not needed. Unhappily, all this will not be understood in England. The impression will be that we are living from hand to mouth, that one public man is no better than another, and that the secret of our extravagance is to be found in the demands of the fierce democracy for high wages, and in the fact that men of all conditions find it pleasanter to live upon English loans than to put their hands into their own pockets.

You will observe that except for our railways we should have practically no money troubles, even according to the most pessimist statement. The railways are also the real rock ahead of the Government. Mr. Shiels, their Attorney-General and best speaker, was entrusted by the Cabinet with the task of railway reform, chiefly, I think, because he had constantly inveighed against railway administration while he was in Opposition. I remember telling you, when the Ministry took office, that Mr. Munro would probably find Mr. Shiels—eloquent, able, and honest as he is—more embarrassing as a colleague than even Mr. Gillies as an opponent. The prediction is already verified. During eight months Mr. Shiels has been writing voluminous letters to the permanent Board which administers our railway system, and has effected nothing beyond landing himself in a very pretty quarrel, at which his colleagues are absolutely aghast, and which he himself sees no way of ending, except by transferring the powers of the Commissioners to the Minister and a very motley board of advisers. As in most quarrels, there is some right on both sides, and the cause of dispute really lies in a conflict of policies and jurisdictions. When we transferred the practical control of our railways in 1883 from a Minister to a commission of experts, retaining the Minister only as a Parliamentary adviser and mouthpiece, we were chiefly actuated by two considerations. One was the desire to

abolish patronage. This was very necessary, for the railways were being staffed with the *protégés* of Members of Parliament: but it might have been done without change of system. New hands are now taken on by ballot and by examination, and this could have been worked under a Minister as well as under Commissioners. The second motive was therefore the decisive one: and this was generally expressed at the time by the phrase, that we wished to have the railways conducted "on commercial principles." Briefly, they were to be made safe, and they were to be made to pay. Our estimate of commercial principles was, however, a very mixed one. We did not mean to let the Commissioners decide how many railway lines would be good for us. It was considered, not unreasonably, that a railway which would not pay interest for years might yet be worth making if it encouraged the growth of an agricultural population, brought timber cheaply to mines, or enabled the State to sell its waste lands. Then, again, we did not mean that the Commissioners should buy material in the cheapest market. The principle of protection to native industry compels us to manufacture our rolling-stock in the Colony. Neither, again, did we intend that the Commissioners should be allowed to engage, dismiss, and pay labourers as they like. They have to take the men allotted to them, and these men are so effectively championed by their Union and in Parliament, that it is very difficult to dismiss them, and Parliament sees that they are the best paid of unskilled labourers. Therefore, the Commissioners are reduced to the function of advising the Minister about new lines, and are only autocratic, or nearly so, in deciding what repairs are necessary, and what trains shall be run. Here it is that the cause of discord has arisen. Under the old system the tendency of the Minister was to consult the exigencies of party and the needs of the Treasury. Employment was found for useless political partisans, but rails and boilers were not renewed as they should have been, and lines were not duplicated, as long as it could be put off. Under the present system the lines are in excellent order, and the rolling-stock last year was, for the first time, thoroughly adequate to its work, but the Commissioners are undoubtedly more careful to do their own work well than to help the Treasury. It seems a little unjust to blame them for being what we wanted them to be: but Parliament and the country were not prepared for the unavoidable loss upon new lines; and when it is found that working expenses have gone up from 56 to 68 per cent., we find it easier to blame the Commissioners than the people who clamoured for unproductive railways, and the Parliament which granted them. Not only is this the case, but whenever the railway estimates have shown a surplus there has been an immediate clamour for reduction of rates, and the Commissioners have been forced to sacrifice the profits, upon which they counted as a reserve in bad times. Now, when we are suffering from the results of this policy, Mr. Shiels, as the mouthpiece of his Government, calls upon the Commissioners to suspend all works that are not imperatively necessary, and to reduce the train mileage by 1,000,000 miles a year. The Commissioners are willing to do the first, but not the second, as they consider that the best way to meet the deficit is by keeping railway facilities as ample as possible. It is tolerably clear that if the right of judging in this last instance is taken from them, we had better abandon the practice of administering our railways on "commercial principles." On the other hand, it is also clear that the Government will soon have a genuine instead of a sham deficit, if the Commissioners are at liberty to pursue a spirited policy of railway development, and can always oblige the Treasury to pay their bills. It is difficult to predict at this moment what settlement will be arrived at. It is quite possible that the House will treat the quarrel between Mr. Shiels and the Commissioners as so

serious that it must be inquired into, and terminated by the retirement of either the Minister or the Board. Beyond this, it seems likely that we shall revert in some degree to the principle of complete Ministerial responsibility. The railway administration is very unpopular just now, perhaps undeservedly; and the Public Service Board—Mr. Service's other creation—is a complete failure, tending only to general inefficiency. That we shall return to the "patronage" or "spoils" system is quite unnecessary, and I hope impossible: but that we shall give up the complicated system of Boards independent of Ministers, and Ministers responsible for Boards which they do not control, is perhaps not unlikely to be the outcome of the present trouble.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BALKAN PROGRAMME.

BELGRADE, September 17th.

IT is neither the Dardanelles question nor the Sigr incident that absorbs, at this moment, politicians between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. It is the programme—or what is supposed to be the programme—of Mr. Gladstone's Balkan policy. In Cettinje as well as in Belgrade the letters which the venerable leader of the English Liberals recently wrote to an active and prominent member of the Serbian "young Liberal" party have made a very great impression, and been interpreted, perhaps, in a too hopeful spirit. Reports from Sofia show that these interesting letters of Mr. Gladstone have made a sensation there, and the Hungarian Press has drawn special attention to them, associating them with the accumulated evidence of the probable result of the next General Election in England.

The genesis of these letters is itself not without interest at this moment. It has been already stated in THE SPEAKER how gladly the mass of the Serbian people—more especially the priests and the peasants—greeted the visit of their young King to the Tzar. They had not the slightest doubt of the success of Russia and France in the impending great struggle with the Triple Alliance, and they felt equally sure that the victorious Tzar would unite Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Old Serbia to the present kingdom, so as to form a strong and absolutely independent Serbia. But this popular belief was not shared by all the more intelligent classes. King Alexander had hardly reached Moscow before the opportuneness of this journey and the wisdom of an alliance with Russia were openly questioned and discussed in several Belgrade papers. Indeed, a somewhat bitter polemic on this question was waged between the opponents and the friends of the present Government. The high praise of Bulgaria in the Mansion House speech of the Marquis of Salisbury was eagerly seized upon by both parties as an argument in their favour. The friends of the Government pointed to it as a conclusive proof of their wisdom in seeking the Russian alliance; they asked what could Serbia do better than court the mighty protection of the Tzar when England so openly supported Bulgaria, and Austria kept possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina? On the other hand, the Opposition writers declared Lord Salisbury's ostentatious championship of Bulgaria to be the first consequence of Serbia having given up her hitherto neutral position and passed openly over to Russia.

All parties in Serbia were, however, unanimous in one thing—they all considered that Lord Salisbury's Mansion House declaration meant that English policy in the Balkans was in favour of the creation of a great and strong Bulgaria, and that, to accomplish this, the interests of other Balkan states would be disregarded, and the idea of a Balkan confederation crushed out as a visionary scheme incapable of realisation. Still, at the moment of the greatest excitement, a few politicians boldly affirmed that—although the Premier of England had openly proclaimed himself the champion of Bulgaria—Serbia

was not justified in relinquishing all hope of English support. They argued that England could not possibly be in favour of the supremacy of any one Balkan state over the others; they contended that the policy of the English people could not coincide with the expressed opinion of the present Prime Minister. One of these gentlemen, an Independent Liberal, Mr. Yovanovitch (called "Americanatz" because he studied in America), decided to go to England and find out for himself what hope Serbia still had of English support and sympathy. Mr. Yovanovitch submitted to Mr. Gladstone a short memorandum of the relations between the Serbians and Bulgarians, and explained (from his point of view) their national aspirations.

Mr. Yovanovitch was fortunate enough to receive two letters from Mr. Gladstone, and these he has published this week in his paper, the *Boratz*, introducing them with a warmly written leader in praise of Mr. Gladstone, and thanking the great Englishman for the "ray of hope" he has sent, through him, to the despondent Serbians.

In the first letter—dated "Hawarden, August 3rd, 1891"—Mr. Gladstone writes:

"I am glad to convey to you my good wishes for your country. I heartily desire for Serbia prosperity, independence of all undue influence, and a close harmony with the other States and populations of the Balkan Peninsula, so that their policies, like their interests, may be one."

The second letter—dated "10th of August"—was a reply to Mr. Yovanovitch's question, "Whether Mr. Gladstone approved of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy," and "what position the leader of the English Liberals takes towards the programme of Eastern policy lately announced by the Premier at the Mansion House?" Mr. Gladstone writes:

"I have never given a wholesale approval of Lord Salisbury's recent foreign policy, but I rejoice not to trace in it the signs of Jingoism, as it is called in this country. If he has implied a desire for Bulgarian supremacy, or any other supremacy, in the Balkan Peninsula, I entirely differ from him. I feel warmly with and for the subjected and the *lately* subjected populations of South-Eastern Europe, but I cannot draw distinction against any, and am altogether opposed to Particularism in that region."

All Serbian papers, without distinction of party, speak with the liveliest satisfaction of this enunciation of Mr. Gladstone. They all express the hope that the English Liberals will follow the example of their distinguished and revered leader, and discourage the Bulgarian longing for supremacy, and encourage and support the idea of a confederation of all the Balkan nations.

Those publicists who are more Chauvinistic seek to concentrate the attention of their readers on Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with the "*lately* subjected populations." According to their interpretation, these "*lately* subjected populations" are those of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they consider the expression of the illustrious past—and probably, at no distant future, again, actual—English Premier as a delicate ring of change on the famous "Hands off!"

In fact, at this moment Mr. Gladstone is the most popular man in Serbia. Of course his popularity is quite distinct to the supremacy of the Tzar: the Tzar is not a man but a "sacrosanct relic." All the efforts of Austrian diplomacy during the last two years have not given such a shock-and-shake to Russophile schemes in Serbia as a few simple words of Mr. Gladstone!

E. L. M.

THE WHITE MOTH.

"IF a leaf rustled she would start;
And yet she died, a year ago.
How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey when she feared so?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night?"

The light above the poet's head
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the black pane a white-winged moth,
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside
And "Open, open, open!" cried:

"I could not find the way to God:
There are too many flaming suns
For signposts, and the fearful road
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—
I was bewildered, and I turned.

"O, it was easy then! I knew
Your window and no star beside.
Look up, and take me back to you!"
He rose and thrust the window wide.
—'Twas but because his brain was hot
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase
Show anger over trivial things;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Towards him, with ecstatic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead;
Then wrote "Would I had died instead!"

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE TRUE FUNCTION OF WOMAN."

SIR,—Your correspondent, Professor Murray, does not appear to have read the article on this subject in *THE SPEAKER* with any care. So far from saying that all women are alike, I drew a clear distinction between "the average woman" and the exceptional types of intellectual independence and self-reliance that one sometimes finds among her sex. I dwelt, too, on the special work which is done by women in the cause of charity. For some kinds of public work there is undoubtedly a womanly aptitude, though I suspect that the directors of the Charity Organisation Society would not care to submit their methods to the judgment of female suffrage. But I do not see anything momentous in the reasoning that because educated women are superior in intelligence to the agricultural labourer, therefore we ought to give the franchise to the agricultural labourer's sisters, aunts, and feminine cousins. The point on which I laid stress is that the fundamental factor of sex compels women in the mass to play a part which is essentially different from that of man. It assigns to them an influence which is inspired by feeling rather than by "practical shrewdness." "The false courtesy which masks a deep-seated contempt" is not, I believe, the sentiment with which a man usually regards his mother; nor does it strike him that she is "a pet animal," and that her sphere of duty is incomplete because she does not go to the poll. The emotional instinct which is paramount in woman by virtue of her sex cannot reasonably be regarded as a contributor to the political service of the State. As for the "privilege" which Professor Murray charges me with having arrogated for man, I am not aware that woman is unjustly treated because she is not put into a sentry-box; and as Nature has not thought fit to endow women with physical force, why should we make the Empire ridiculous by placing its destinies in the hands of those who are unable to defend it?—Your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

SIR,—Your article last week on Mr. Frederic Harrison's treatment of this subject opens up two interesting fields of inquiry. First, as to the history of his view. It seems to have escaped the notice of most of his critics that he is a follower of Auguste Comte, and is here simply reproducing his master's views; and that Comte himself was not only an incarnate protest against the abstractions of the Revolution and against their logical consequence in the doctrine of the equality of all rational beings, but also a St. Simonian writing after the disruption of the sect on this very question, a sociologist without the least suspicion of the matriarchate, and a phrenologist who was quite ready to believe *à priori* that woman must be inferior to man in intellect because her forehead is seldom large enough to give room for the organs assumed to be there by the hypothesis; while in his ideals, if not in his life, he was saturated with the spirit of the most domestic people on earth. However, this must be left to the future historian of Comtist dogma. Your article raises a more interesting question: Is it true that the admission of women to political functions would involve "the letting in of a perfect flood of emotion"? Now I believe it will be found, on looking at those women whose position brings them much into contact with the work-a-day world, that their "sentiment" on

most subjects in which they are interested is commonly much shallower and more evanescent than that of many men, and that underlying it there is a hard, business-like matter-of-fact practicality that only requires experience to strip it of its covering. How many schoolmistresses—I mean of the modern, or skilled and trained, type—can be justly described as storage reservoirs of this flood of emotion? How many hotel book-keepers? How many Post Office lady clerks? Why, the mere fact—noted by a reviewer in your columns a fortnight ago—that ladies who ride cannot safely be trusted with a spur in the interest of the horse, speaks volumes for the narrow practicality of the sex. I believe if you look even at the ordinary British man in the concrete, you will find her much harder on her servants, much more determined to insist on her strict legal rights, much more persistent in getting every pennyworth out of the trade-people, much less ready to make allowances, and generally much more severe and exacting than her husband. It is only where knowledge fails that emotion comes in—just as with the Jingo; but the feminine mind is docile, and its ignorance is curable. And from the ravages of emotion even police magistrates are not exempt.

This strikes me as a line of investigation worth pursuing.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
SOCIOLOGIST.

DEAR SIR.—I have read with much interest your article, and the letters it has evoked, on the "Function of Woman." The question is a vast one, but as the ladies themselves seem to be maintaining a dignified silence, I should like (if you will allow me) to take up the cudgels for a few moments on their behalf.

To begin with, I fear that woman will hardly accept with unqualified gratitude the championship of your correspondent Mr. G. G. A. Murray.

I am unable, of course, to say whether the courtesy which Mr. Murray presumably extends to women "masks a deep-seated contempt," but if this should regrettably be the fact, it is manifestly unfair to argue from such an exceptional case a similar double dealing on the part of the rest of mankind. I am conscious of no such duplicity when I open the door for a lady, or take the back seat in a four-wheeled cab. Neither of these proceedings is pleasant to me, and I do them habitually out of sheer good nature and without the slightest feeling of latent "contempt" for the object of my civility. And I imagine this is the case with the majority of men.

But there is one fact which the fiercest advocates of equality of the sexes cannot altogether ignore, though they do their utmost to close their eyes to the truth. This is, that no amount of feminine intellectual activity can alter the eternal laws of Nature, by which man is constituted the stronger and more enduring animal of the two, and woman the mother of his children. Under the new conditions advocated by your correspondent and those whom he follows, I admit that this latter contingency would be remote; still, there might be exceptional cases which would seriously affect the progress of business in the County Council or the hustings. Would Mr. Murray, for instance, be satisfied to entrust his defence to a barrister whose eloquence was liable at any moment to be interrupted by the baby at her breast?

The fact is that woman can no more become the "equal" of man than man of woman. Each has a province peculiar and natural to their sex, any encroachment upon which by the other is unnatural and repulsive.

An uneducated man may be a deplorable spectacle, but an over-educated man-woman is a monster from whom all men (educated or uneducated) fly with the wholesome instinct of self-preservation. Foremost in the flight is, Yours faithfully,

PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

P.S.—A literary friend of mine is anxious to know to what prominent lady-novelist Mr. Murray can point, excepting, of course, Lady Scott, Mrs. Thackeray, Mrs. Dickens, and Madame Dumas.

Rottingdean, September 21st, 1891.

[We are compelled to hold over until next week some of the letters we have received on this subject.—ED. SPEAKER.]

SIR W. LAWSON AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

SIR.—In your article on "The Drink Controversy" you call upon "Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his associates" to take in hand the proper arrangement of habitual drunkards.

May I respectfully ask why this business is to be allotted to us more than to any other class of citizens?

I am not aware that either I myself, or any of my especial associates, either have, or have professed to have, any special knowledge on this subject.

What we object to is the present system of "making people drunk by Act of Parliament."

Hitherto we have not succeeded in overthrowing that system, though we are shaking it more violently day by day. We are doing what we can to stop the manufacture of drunkards, and now you call on us to deal with the manufactured article.

Don't you think that your appeal would be made more appropriately to the licensed victuallers, to the magistrates, and to the electors who give vitality to the system under which the allied powers—the magistrates and the drink trade—do their deadly work, than to us who spend our lives in resisting these destroyers?

At any rate, I make that appeal to them. I entreat them to sweep up the refuse which they have made.

Perhaps they will do so, and we shall all rejoice to see the present crop of drunkards dealt with in the proper manner—whatever that may be.

But, of course, under the same conditions, a similar crop will soon spring up, for I suppose, of all old sayings the truest is, that "like causes produce like effects."

When once we have struck, and struck effectively, at those causes, it is probable that we shall have room enough and to spare for all the habitual drunkards with whom we may still be infected.

Don't suppose that I depreciate "cure." But the working motto of the Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, in which I and my associates are concerned, is "Prevention is better than cure."—Yours obediently,
WILFRID LAWSON.

Brayton, Carlisle, September 21st, 1891.

THE "LITERARY" DRAMA.

SIR.—In his review of the published volume containing Mr. Jones's play of *Saints and Sinners* I am glad to see that your critic has something to say on its author's urgently expressed desire that our English drama should assume a "literary" status. I confess that the word has often puzzled me in its application to a play, and I am not sure that even Mr. Jones's preface has left me better informed; but as far as I can gather the purport of what he says there would seem to me to be something almost suburban in the feverish ambition of which he has made himself the exponent. In the region of dramatic art this hunger to be "literary" may, I think, be likened to the villa-resident's impetuous longing to be "genteel"; and in both cases the ambition, if it is consciously pursued, is likely to end in disaster. Whether he is or is not "literary" should scarcely concern the dramatist, who ought indeed to have no more leisure to consider the matter than a man of affairs with a serious purpose in the world should halt to reflect whether he is a gentleman. Time and the judgment of our friends may in both cases be safely left to provide a verdict, and to try to anticipate that verdict is about as idle and as hazardous as it would be for a stonemason to attempt to carve his own epitaph; it is certain that posterity will not be hustled, even by the most energetic and persistent aspirant for fame; and whether a dramatist has produced a work that is perishable or enduring in a literary sense can only be rightly known when it has either perished or endured.

I note that your critic endeavours to meet the difficulty by offering a more liberal interpretation of the word "literary" than Mr. Jones has chosen to adopt. This was obviously necessary, but that it is scarcely sufficient is shown in the fact that almost immediately afterwards he makes a concession to Mr. Jones's argument which is quite as misleading as anything urged by Mr. Jones himself. For if the printing of plays leads to any "improvement" in the dialogue which is not already demanded by the requirements of the drama, it will surely be an unmixed evil. No art can serve two masters. You cannot write dramatic dialogue with your eye on literary immortality; and if the critic needs to await the arrival of the printed book before deciding whether the dramatist has been true to the best ideals of his art, then I would venture to suggest that he is not in his right place in a theatre, but that he belongs rather to that class of "great literary critics" whose contempt for the stage so sorely vexes the soul of Mr. Jones.

On the whole, then, it would seem more modest and more prudent if those of us who are concerned in work for the stage were not to be too anxious about our "literary" status. As a coveted epithet, the word may safely be abandoned to the use of writers who, while adopting the dramatic form, produce work which is confessedly unfit for representation in the theatre. Here it is a source of harmless consolation which need not be too rigorously withheld, even when it is only doubtfully deserved; whereas if it is to be bandied about in our judgment of stage work it is likely to prove altogether mischievous and misleading. Mr. Jones says he is "concerned to establish the general rule that the intellectual and art values of any drama, its permanent influence and renown, are in exact proportion to its literary qualities. Shakespeare and Sheridan are popular playwrights to-day strictly on account of the enduring literary qualities of their work. They have admirable stage-craft as well, but this alone would not have saved them from oblivion." And the inference Mr. Jones would seem to draw is that dramatists should first strive to be "literary" in order that when their work is no longer acceptable from the point of view of the stage it should escape oblivion. But surely the very examples he chooses to cite stand in direct opposition to his theory. I will not stay to debate whether Shakespeare's stage-craft would have saved him from oblivion, although I have a fancy that when any contemporary writer has produced a stage-

play like *Othello* he need not greatly trouble himself about his literary qualities. But the main point to note is that neither Shakespeare nor Sheridan began by being "literary." Their work, whatever its literary merit, was primarily produced as stage-work, and in obedience to the laws and requirements of stage-work. It was tested and tried in the theatre before it passed into the domain of literature and before it assumed the dignity of printed type. Nor is there the smallest evidence that either of these writers laboured in reference to any other standard than that which their own art supplied. To them the ideals of the drama were self-sufficing. They were haunted by no restless questionings as to their literary status, and if the changing conditions of the theatre have in some instances impaired the fitness of Shakespeare's work for the uses of the modern stage while it leaves untouched the essential qualities of his poetry, are we on that account to invert the natural processes of artistic production and to strive to be literary before we have learned to be dramatic? Surely such a course must involve the sorriest of illusions. If there are dramatists among us who have awaited the advent of the American Copyright Bill in order to polish their dialogue, I cannot think their case very hopeful; and if the facilities which that Bill affords induce them to put into their work any so-called literary qualities which they have not previously felt to be demanded by the laws of their own art, then I must think their case not merely not hopeful but absolutely hopeless.

There is one other point in Mr. Jones's preface which seems to call for remark. He allows himself, I think, to be unduly depressed by the quantity of poor, artificial, and conventional work that is produced for the stage. But that does not seem to me to be necessarily depressing. We do not find writers like Mr. Meredith or Mr. Stevenson bemoaning the fact that there exist writers and readers for the fiction of *The Family Herald* and *The London Journal*. In an art so wide and liberal as that of the theatre there is room for all; and until we find that the worse excludes the better we need not be greatly discouraged. That we have not yet reached that point Mr. Jones himself would hardly contend. Since the days when he obtained "a great financial success in melodrama," he has presumably laboured in the higher interests of his art. He has, at any rate, produced plays that have won the most enthusiastic critical approval, and what is more to my present purpose, have secured a full measure of popular patronage. Why, then, this constant weeping and lamentation? When Mr. Jones has written a play, the excellence of which precludes the possibility of its production, or when he has produced a play that fails by reason of its beauty, surely then it will be time enough to give up the drama for lost. In the meantime, it is almost painful to see a successful playwright so woefully cast down.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Garriek Club. J. COMYNS CARR.

THE NATIONALISATION OF CATHEDRALS.

SIR,—Mr. Percy Dearmer has made an excellent reply to Mr. Massingham. The aim of Mr. Massingham is to show that "men of culture" have ceased to take holy orders, because they refuse "to forswear their spiritual independence and enter the narrow gate of Church discipline." For this purpose he assumes that any layman of distinction would object to take orders on theological grounds. But he offers no proof, and facts are against him. He assumes, for instance, that Professor Gwatkin has remained a layman because he could not conscientiously subscribe the formularies of the Church of England. The fact is that Professor Gwatkin wished to take holy orders, but refrained from over-scrupulousness on account of a slight physical defect. He is a strong Churchman, as his works prove; and he is a man of rare academic renown, having achieved the unique academic distinction of taking five first classes. Sir George Stokes is also a clergyman, though he has lately chosen a lay career for reasons quite apart from any objection to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, of which he is still a devoted member. Mr. Massingham challenges you to "name one clergyman of first-rate eminence in science, a man as distinguished as was the late Dean Buckland." Professor Pritchard is quite as distinguished, and Sir George Stokes is more distinguished. The truth is that we are fallen on an age of mediocrity in every department of intellectual effort—in politics, in literature, in poetry, in science, in art. The clergy are well abreast of other professions.

But Mr. Massingham forgets the *raison d'être* of cathedrals. They are temples of Christian worship and places set apart for the exposition of Christian doctrine. I see no reason why laymen should not be allowed to preach in cathedrals and parish churches under the sanction of the bishop. But to turn our cathedrals into Noah's arks for the propagation of conflicting doctrines is surely a grotesque suggestion. A Dr. Liddon one Sunday, Dr. Martineau the next, Professor Huxley the next, then Mr. Labouchere, Mrs. Besant, the editor of the *Times*, Mr. Henry Irving, the editor of *Punch*, etc., etc., this surely is an absurdity; yet it is the logical outcome of Mr. Massingham's scheme of nationalising our cathedrals. Let the cathedrals be secularised if you like; but to turn them into menageries of religious controversy is an odd way of nationalising them.—I remain, etc.,

SCRUTATOR.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, September 25th, 1891.

I SPOKE rather vehemently, last week, about the present demand for ugliness in art and literature. I hinted that it was a cheap and vulgar demand, and breathed a prayer that I might live to see a league of youth established to deal with it as it deserves. My words have elicited a remonstrance. It has been pointed out to me, as a recent discovery, that a painter may paint, and a writer write about, any subject, provided he does so worthily; and that art is rendering its due service to democracy by turning its attention upon the sordid, the ignobly decent, and even the malformed and the degraded.

Quite so; though I doubt if the discovery be so very recent. The remark that art may treat any subject, if it treat it worthily, was made by Millet, and was a truism some hundreds of years before Millet's birth. It is in continual process of proof. Dickens, for instance, proved it. The whole question turns on the adverb "worthily." Dickens treated the sordid, the ignobly decent, and even the malformed and degraded, and he treated them worthily. How? By discovering to us the beauty that lay beneath them. It was not all the beauty, of course: for my point is that life and nature are to the serious artist—that is, to the tireless inquirer—so utterly inexhaustible that even their humblest and (superficially) most repulsive phenomena will yield a thousand beautiful aspects. Dickens, if you like, saw but one or two of these. But let it be observed that he always went below the ugly, tossing it aside as a gold-washer tosses aside mere dirt. To him it was mere dirt, for he was a great artist. Now turn for a moment to the "Badalia Herodsfoot" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Nobody admires and envies Mr. Kipling's gifts more sincerely than I; though I hold him to be all on the wrong tack while he pursues the ferocious. But even to contrast so young a writer with Dickens implies a profound compliment.

It is not, however, the two writers that I would contrast, so much as their notions of what seems worthy to be recorded. Mr. Kipling, in his minute account of the manner in which Badalia Herodsfoot was kicked on the head till he died, thinks it worth while to describe the feel of the blood as it soaked through the boot to the murderer's toes. It may be contended that Dickens would never have thought of this stroke. I am ready to uphold, by an induction based on all the deeds of violence described in his novels, that had he thought of it, he would have rejected it as intolerably cheap and brutal. The death of Badalia has been compared by more than one critic with the death of Nancy in "Oliver Twist." I wonder how many of them have counted the lines in which Dickens tells of Nancy's murder. It is perhaps more briefly told than any murder of the same importance in the whole of fiction, "the same importance" meaning, of course, the same importance in the story. It was necessary for Dickens to kill Nancy; it was necessary also that the circumstances of her death should be squalid and base. To a smaller artist here was an irresistible temptation; to Dickens here was a call for the austere restraint.

If this view of the cheapness and entire contemptibility of the brutal in art be questioned, let anyone test himself as follows. Take any chance person in the street—take, let us say, the first omnibus-driver who passes. Here is a man, not too heroic, upon whom to employ your imagination. Imagine him losing his balance, tumbling off the box and scattering his brains on the pavement. It is easy as A B C. Imagine him seized with madness, whipping out a pistol and shooting the clerk beside him through the head. Imagine him going

home drunk and murdering his wife. There is no difficulty at all. Now try to imagine something really beautiful that might as naturally happen to this man, and you will perceive the difference. It is only an artist who can do that; and even an artist can only do it with pain and trouble. If you urge that the man is but a plain omnibus-driver and that nothing beautiful is likely to happen to him, I reply that this objection of yours must always run the risk of being disproved one of these days: whereas to paint the ugliness and brutality that most men can imagine for themselves is so trivial a feat that—to dismiss all question of its expediency—it is not worth practising.

But Dickens, we are told, did not paint the truth, did not paint reality. I never hear this kind of thing said without desiring to ask "What truth?" "What reality?" Dickens, we may charitably suppose, painted reality as it appeared to Dickens: and if this was not the same reality as appears to Mr. Jones of Clapham Common, it only follows that Dickens and Mr. Jones are more or less different people; which, indeed, we knew before. It is hardly possible, just now, to pick up an article by any of our critics, even the most able, without finding "reality" spoken about as if it were something absolute. Last week, for instance, I found my friend A. B. W. doing this very thing in the columns of this very paper. Let me quote him, knowing that, if I misunderstand him, he will be ready to set me right.

Of Mr. H. A. Jones's play, *Saints and Sinners*, he says that "its realism is still tinted with stage-conventionalism. Its seduced heroine dies of a broken heart. This is one of the three orthodox endings of a seduction story (type, *Clarissa Harlowe*), the second being the marriage of the girl to her seducer, reformed (type, *Olivia*), and the third her marriage to some other young man who consents to overlook her fault, or doesn't care two straws about it (type, *Denise, Les Idées de Mme. Aubray*). Of the three, I submit that the third is the realistic conclusion; the first, the idealistic."

Now, I submit to A. B. W., on the contrary, that any one of these endings may be as "realistic" as any other. Obviously all three lie within the limits of possibility: and, for the rest, it all depends upon the author's finding and on his ability to convince his audience that the ending which he chooses is true. Some women die of heart-disease and a considerably smaller number are suffocated with pillows. But the rarity of Desdemona's case does not make it any the less real, for the simple reason that Shakespeare constrains us to accept Desdemona's story for the very truth. To me, I confess, it seems chiefly a question of power. If, in actual life, a young woman who has been seduced takes to her bed and dies, that is a fact. And if she lives to marry the other young man, "who consents to overlook her fault, or doesn't care two straws about it," that also is a fact, and perhaps a commoner one. If commoner, it may be more safely employed as a stage-ending by a feeble playwright. But that is as much as can be said. And since when has A. B. W. taken to succouring the feeble playwright?

But, in truth, realism just now goes by majority, and may be interpreted as "that which is easily recognised by the average man." And the taste for brutality and ugliness among our writers is due to the fact that brutality and ugliness will always appeal to the average man. They are the cheapest means of producing an effect, and the effect they produce will be, for the moment, more startling than that produced by beauty. But, for all that, they are despicable; and the call for them is a call to be delivered from the divine difficulties of good work.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE PSALMS UNDER CRITICISM.

THE ORIGIN AND RELIGIOUS CONTENTS OF THE PSALTER IN THE LIGHT OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By Thomas Kelly Cheyne, M.A., etc., etc., Oriel Professor of the Interpretations of Holy Scripture, Canon of Rochester. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

NOT long since a German scholar—brilliant, wayward, fond of paradox, especially of the sort that confounds or humiliates his too prosaic and self-complacent countrymen—is said, during a discussion on the state of sacred scholarship in Germany, to have predicted the approaching hegemony of England in Biblical learning. If these Bampton lectures had been published, he might have pointed to them as a sign of the early fulfilment of his prophecy. They are evidence that English scholarship is ceasing to be dependent on German bounty, living, as it were, on the crumbs that fall from its table; and is learning to cultivate fields where it has been for generations a very humble servant, though once, indeed, it had lived there and worked as a master. In the seventeenth century some of the foremost Semitic scholars were English. Laud loved nobler things than ceremonies: his munificence enriched Oxford with MSS. from the East and with a chair for the teaching of Arabic. Lightfoot accumulated those stores of Rabbinical learning that have been a very treasure-house to later scholars. Brian Walton erected in his Polyglot an unparalleled monument to English scholarship, and showed it how to use versions for interpretative and critical purposes. Edward Pocock explored the Orient, and the choice wealth with which he returned still enriches Bodley's Library. But the policy which secluded the English Universities was fatal to the higher scholarship; only as they have regained their freedom does it promise to return. In Semitic studies we were living largely on a policy of appropriation. While scholars like Gesenius, Hupfeld, Ewald, Nöldeke, Delitzsch, Dillmann, Stade, Strack, Wellhausen, succeeded each other in Germany, and made Hebrew language and literature rich with their discoveries, England was almost silent. In the hands first of Gesenius and then of Ewald, the language lived anew, grew ever more significant and capable of a literary handling; by Nöldeke, Schrader, and Lagarde it was read in the light of the cognate Semitic tongues. With increased knowledge of the language came greater mastery over the literature, shown in the progressive skill and sureness with which the several parts were analysed and their relations determined. With the growing mastery over the literature came deeper insight into the history—its order, sequences, persons, events: and this fuller knowledge of the history was corrected, qualified, enlarged by the new knowledge of the related kingdoms and peoples, with all their literatures, achievements, and organisations. It was not surprising that the Old Testament became a veritable wonderland of discovery, that theories concerning its constituents, formation, institutions, came upon us with almost breathless haste; it would have been much more surprising if such things had not been. Where fresh discoveries are being made, new theories must arise; they are but the attempt of the mind to understand what it has discovered, and their successive phases can only mean the gradual expansion of the mind, its slow advance from the unknown to the known. Hence the changes of view in the field of Old Testament criticism, instead of discrediting either it or its results, are really the evidence that it has been growing ever more scientific and sure. So long as human knowledge is progressive the formulæ that express it cannot be stereotyped; dogmas become immutable only when they represent dead beliefs.

But while Germany, almost alone, did the earlier work in this field, England is beginning to take its share in the later. In a singularly modest yet self-respectful bit of autobiography, Professor Cheyne

in his introduction indicates the change that has passed over us since in 1869 "the college of Scott and Jowett for the first time opened a fellowship to Semitic and Biblical scholarship." What Balliol had then the audacity to encourage Oxford now cultivates with zeal, and not Oxford alone. In Cambridge and in Scotland, in Ireland as in England, scholars are at work on the Old Testament, convinced that in it we have the most living of all our religious and scientific questions. To this feeling these Bampton lectures will give, if we mistake not, a powerful impulse.

These lectures were delivered amid severe, though for the most part bewildered, criticism. John Bampton had bequeathed his "lands and estates" to the University of Oxford expressly to secure a succession of lecturers who should "confirm and establish the Christian faith" and maintain "the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures." But the lecturer, it was argued, impugned rather than maintained this authority, and one sage critic, with becomingly unconscious absurdity, described his discourses as "the so-called Bampton lectures." Yet such things do not signify much; the most sceptical religious philosophy our generation has known was delivered amid the applause of academic orthodoxy from the pulpit of St. Mary's and on the foundation of John Bampton. These, on the other hand, may be said to represent the newer conservative criticism. Professor Cheyne, properly enough, calls attention to the "apologetic" worth of his lectures; it is more than considerable, it is weighty. For one thing, it disencumbers the apologists from much that is indefensible. The defence of a non-vital may involve the surrender of the vital point; labour on what is no part of the defences may only be a playing into the enemy's hands. Now, there is no more fundamental point than this: the contents or actual books of Scripture are one thing, the codification or canonisation of these books is another, and very different. A book does not become inspired by being canonised, just as codification does not create or sanction the laws it systematises or arranges. Were they not laws beforehand they could not be codified, and sacred books, like, say, the Epistle to the Hebrews, or sacred lyrics like the Psalms, were as authoritative and as much inspired before as after their incorporation into the canon. Hence, it is possible to criticise the canonising process, or its conclusions, without doing anything injurious to the doctrine of inspiration. The criticism, on the contrary, clears it of a mass of irrelevant material. If this process is maintained to be inspired and authoritative, then all sorts of difficulties are created: the apologist is involved in the defence of the infallibility and inspiration of scribes and redactors, of Rabbinical and Talmudical schools, of a mixed body of heretics and Church fathers, whose judgments were often most manifestly wrong, and as often only accidentally right. But if the appeal is to the books themselves, then the question is changed; inspiration becomes not a formal but a material thing. It concerns the matter, not simply the vehicle, and is conceived as not ended by codification, but as living through a double process, the continued and active presence of the Spirit who gave in the Word and in the mind or consciousness of its interpreter. Inspiration is not the quality of a book, but is a state of persons who receive and make the book, and of persons who read the book thus made. Without the continued being of the Spirit there would be and could be no inspiration. And hence the older Protestant theologians held that the true evidence of inspiration was the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti internum*; without this, inspiration could not be perceived or believed or known—i.e., for the man it would not exist. They would absolutely have laughed at the simplicity of a man who had tried to corner them by arguing that it was impossible to believe in the Bible without first believing in the Church. Their answer would have been to ask such a man to understand the rudiments of the question. And one of the real advan-

tages of a book like this is to throw us back on the older and simpler doctrine. In effect, Professor Cheyne says, "Turn from formal questions, study the religion of the Psalter, understand the truths it embodies and the conditions out of which it springs, and then you will understand what its inspiration is and what its authority."

The book is too full of disputable positions to be a book with which a critic can throughout agree. The criticism which earlier concerned itself with the Hexateuch and the Prophets is now turning with new interest to the Psalms, and is seeking to determine their place in the sequence of Hebrew literature and thought. Not till this is done shall we have a complete or a coherent picture of the Hebrews or their history. The critical tendency is to bring down the date of the great body of the Psalms, and to place many in the Maccabean, the earlier Greek and Persian periods. The historical gain Professor Cheyne thinks great; we recover, as it were, contemporary documents for a time concerning which we had little direct and authentic knowledge. In working out his thesis he commits himself to many judgments from which we feel bound to dissent. We could not, for example, accept his analysis and dating of Psalm ex. We think the internal evidence against his arguments; the priority of the kingship to the priesthood seems to show that it was addressed to a king who became priest, not to a priest who became king. Nor do we think his method of proof quite satisfactory. It consists too much of an analytical process which fits together a psalm and a period. Such an analysis must always be necessary to the determination of the question, but, taken alone, it easily becomes arbitrary. The argument is most complex. It involves a history of Hebrew thought, viewed both as regards its inner evolution and outer relations; a history of the Hebrew State, especially in relation to the action of belief on conduct and events on belief; a history of the Hebrew literature, both as regards the origin of the books, the formation of the canon, and the date of certain versions; a history of the Hebrew language, when it ceased to be living, and the question how far a dead and classical tongue can be used freely in compositions so living and spontaneous as religious lyrics. We feel that these and many other points must be discussed before the questions as to the date of certain psalms in the Psalter can be even approximately settled. We feel that the Septuagint offers serious difficulties in the way of some of Professor Cheyne's decisions, and that the language offers as serious difficulties in the way of some others. We recognise the truth of his position that ideas and phraseology are more certain evidences of date than terms, and we most gladly acknowledge the service he has rendered to philological criticism in the learned and elaborate appendix on "the linguistic affinities of the Psalms;" but we also feel that his argument omits too much to be final. Yet he modestly confesses to the provisional character of many of his positions. The confession is worthy of the scholar and inquirer, and greatly adds to the worth of the book. Criticism must always move through the provisional to the assured; and but for the former we could never reach the latter. Meanwhile, Professor Cheyne has laid all scholars of the Old Testament, and students of comparative religion, and theologians of every kind, under a deep debt of gratitude. He shows us how devout and reverent scientific criticism can be; he shows us how many affinities bind the religions together—kindred beliefs make religions akin, and it is their kinship that makes each able to influence the other; he shows us how, in diverse forms, one God works in all, and so he supplies the constructive theologian with new material for a higher doctrine of inspiration and providence. Men think more worthily of God when they see that He has never left Himself without a witness, and has used many tongues and many vehicles for the truths He has been pleased to reveal to men.

CHINA: THIRTY YEARS' STUDY.

NEW CHINA AND OLD. Personal Recollections and Observations of Thirty Years. By the Ven. Arthur E. Moule, B.D. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

MR. WINGROVE COOK, the *Times* correspondent in China during the last war, was wont to be unsparing in his denunciations of the "twenty-years-in-the-country-and-know-the-language" men as political guides. And no doubt there is a good deal to be said for his view. The Chinese have a power, begotten of their superlative contempt for all Gentiles, of attracting the sympathy and absorbing the admiration of those who come into close and continued contact with them. The Sirens of old were not more successful in gaining possession of passing mariners than the Chinese are in dominating the opinions and attracting the regard of foreigners who study their language in the country. This is pre-eminently the case with diplomatists whose sphere of observation is confined to those mandarins who by virtue of a genuine admiration for the very limited knowledge at their command succeed in imposing upon Europeans the belief that their intellectual goslings are veritable swans.

To this weakness enlightened missionaries are less prone than their diplomatic brethren, their sphere of observation being wider; and thus the volume before us shows fewer symptoms of that Sinophilism which is so often observable in more pretentious works. Not that Archdeacon Moule is in any way unjust in his opinions of Chinamen and their habits, but a long and varied acquaintance with the people has taught him what is good, bad, and indifferent in them and in their lives. Ningpo and its neighbourhood were the scenes of the Archdeacon's experience, and in one respect his lot was thus cast in pleasant places. The scenery in that favoured part of the empire is extremely beautiful, and the vegetation is such as we in this comparatively barren land know nothing of. Speaking of the hills near Ningpo he thus describes their features in spring-time:—"The hills are in their full-orbed beauty. Besides the great carpet of azaleas, wistaria crowns the rocks, and sometimes camphor trees, thirty or forty feet high, are festooned from the summit to the ground by branches of this beautiful and fragrant creeper, falling and trailing amongst the brilliant green of the young camphor leaves. Single camellias also abound, and blue borage; and the fir-trees are in bloom; and women and girls are busy among the trees gathering the bloom to mix with cakes. . . . The blackbird and the Chinese yellow-eyebrowed thrush make the hills resound with melody, the wood-pigeons murmur, and the soaring cry of rooks and the croak of the raven are heard; besides many sweet notes peculiar to the beautiful hills and plains of China."

To the beauties which surround him the Chinaman is not unappreciative; but save in some exceptional spots, such as Hangchow, of which the author speaks, the struggle for existence is so severe that he has little time for aught else but the scraping together of the means of livelihood for himself and his household. Two meals, or even one only, and that of the coarsest description, are all during hard times that the poorer people can afford. It is this grinding poverty which accounts for so many of the phenomena of Chinese life. It explains the existence of infanticide, the strange and often repulsive food which is eaten, and the opposition of the people to the introduction of steam and of European machinery. When a closely packed population is living on the very verge of existence, the adoption of any mechanical contrivance which would upset the labour market, even momentarily, comes upon them like a sentence of death, and it is too much to expect that they will listen patiently to the doubtlessly true teaching that, though for the moment grievous, the change will result in a great and lasting benefit to them.

As a rule, there is generally a disinclination among the Chinese to adopt European methods, and

a marked preference for their own imperfect practices. The postal system is a case in point. At present there are no Governmental postal arrangements, and the conveyance of letters, consequently, varies considerably in different parts of the Empire. In the part best known to Archdeacon Moule letters are delivered through private agencies with great regularity, and even money and valuables can with safety be entrusted to them; but in other districts the delivery of letters is a matter of great uncertainty, and a Chinaman can be no more sure that an epistle he has taken the trouble to write will reach its intended destination than he can that for the next three months he will have food enough for his household. And yet, though schemes have been laid before the Government for a complete postal system on the European model, no attempt has been made to adopt any of them.

The Archdeacon speaks in advisedly moderate terms of the success which has hitherto attended missionary work in China, for it must be confessed that there is little to exult in in this regard. In the towns the effects produced have been very small, and it is only in the country districts that more hopeful results have been obtained. The fact that the strange combination of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism which represents the religion of the people satisfies their spiritual wants mainly accounts for this lack of success; but doubtless also the foreign garb in which the faith is presented, and the foreign hands from which it comes, disinclines the conservatively minded Chinese to have anything to do with it. The opposition which it further offers to some of the most cherished and, in themselves, admirable practices of the people, such for instance as ancestral worship, militates against it; while the divisions which separate the different forms of Catholicism scandalise a people who are accustomed to one faith, one form, and one doctrine.

The Chinese are still in the unscientific stage of society, and are the ready victims, therefore, of every form of superstition; their lives being surrounded with all kinds of traditional beliefs in the occult forces of nature. The most prominent of these is the *Fêng-shui* (literally, "Wind and water") superstition, which threatened at one time to prevent the construction of telegraphs and railways. The outbreak of the French war, however, which made speedy communication between distant parts of the empire an imperative necessity, compelled the issue of a mandate that the people were to pocket their belief, and, as would always be the case in similar circumstances, the practical Chinamen obeyed without a murmur.

The space at our command forbids us to follow the Archdeacon into this and the other numerous subjects on which he writes. His book is full of practical information, and to all who are interested in Chinese matters we can confidently recommend it.

THE ENGLISH LAND QUESTION.

THE LAND AND THE LABOURERS. By Charles William Stubbs, M.A. Stereotyped Edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

THE Land Question is one of those problems which seem not to admit of any solution save that which politicians are incapable of carrying out. Briefly stated, it is a problem brought about by natural causes which no artificial regulations can settle. To one class of minds there is no Land Question, to another it is *the* problem from which all our social problems spring; with our author let us try and hold the balance level. To the man who cannot see with equanimity the country population still draining into the towns, the process of conversion of little properties into big estates still going on slowly and steadily, and the divorce of the labourers from the soil despite the gentle efforts of legislators to reunite them to it—in short, in whose ears rings Pliny's saying, "*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*"—Mr. Stubbs's words of warning will seem blessed. Statisticians will no doubt tell us, as they have told us at intervals for the last

forty years, that the drain from country to town has "practically" ceased, landowners will avow that the labourers don't want allotments, *doctrinaires* will prove that fruit and flower and vegetable growing might regenerate England; but to these, one may answer in Sismondi's words, so aptly quoted by Mr. Stubbs, "You tell me you have improved the land, but what have you done with the labourers?" And first, let us quote to the *doctrinaire* the words of wisdom that fell from the mouth of an English farmer of our acquaintance: "They talk of the profits of poultry and fruit farms, but the British farmer is not such a d—d fool as he's taken to be. In the districts where those things pay, there you find them; in the districts where they are not advantageously placed, we can't compete with the foreign producer. And if English farmers to-morrow were to plunge into the business, the foreigner would send his produce all the same, for he has nowhere else to send it. They want us now to lay out twenty shillings to get eighteen back; but if we were to fruit farm we should not get fifteen!" In the second place, let us say to the business man who wishes to purchase a little land—say at Chilworth—and finds when he has set up an industry his employes must walk from Guildford to their work, because the land'ords will neither sell land nor build cottages, that a little reflection will show him that if one quarter of England is in the hands of seven hundred people, the sooner he alters the land law the better for him. In the third place, let us whisper to the farmer who does not rejoice in the luxury of an easy land-lord, that if a law were to pass forbidding the holding of land beyond the amount that a capable man can direct and manage, land would immediately approximate in price to the value of its returns, and that even if all corporations were obliged to sell their land, and registration of title were made compulsory, the tenant might have cause in the long run to bless his stars and lay the ghost of Protection. As for the political economist whose views of agrarian matters are summed up in *laissez-faire*, he is beyond advice, and we would merely present him with a single fact from Mr. Stubbs's volume:—"The chief benefit derived by the farmers is that when they have the nomination of tenants of cow-keeping cottages they can obtain the best and most intelligent men, who, but for the advantage of a cow, would drift into the large towns."—Report of Mr. Stephen Crawley, Lord Tollemache's agent, p. 176. Mr. Stubbs's little volume abounds with such straws as these, all showing which way the wind is blowing, and he pleads convincingly for allotments for the unfortunate labourer of many a district, who, to get milk for his children, is forced to the towns, where the country produce goes. Mr. Stubbs is also eloquent on the benefits of co-operative farming, but the instances he adduces to show its feasibility in our opinion only prove that this way of attacking the problem can come to nothing, unless a radical revision of the land laws be first completed. The small man cannot stand against the big owner; when he is offered, in paying times, double the value of his land, he is bound in his own interest to sell it. Then comes the reaction sooner or later, prices go down, and the big man cannot afford the labour the land demands, and when he wants it later still he cannot get it. This has been proved over and over again, till one would think the eyes of even the *laissez-faire* politicians might be opened. Will Mr. Stubbs's co-operative workers stand against the big owner, without the capital the latter often draws on, however unwillingly? We fear not; the co-operative workers under the present system must go down as the small holder has gone down in the past. Our English system is indeed mysterious in its hidden wisdom; we exploit the country for the good of our towns; we emasculate our towns though we succeed in feeding them; we drain both country and town of our picked men for the benefit of over-seas. It is an ingenious system; but is it not time to stop, in order to avoid the crash?

ENGLISH WRITERS (1500-1540).

ENGLISH WRITERS. An Attempt towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley, LL.D., Emeritus Professor. Vol. VII.: From Caxton to Coverdale. London: Cassell & Co.

It is impossible to think otherwise than with respect of a volume that represents years of conscientious research, packed full of facts and dates that have been collected with indefatigable pains and verified with the most scrupulous care; a volume, too, that is written, from the first page to the last, with unflagging spirit, and contains not one ill-natured word. But as part of "An attempt towards a history of English literature," it has one great defect. It contains too many facts that have only an indirect bearing on the main theme. The veteran author's method is seen at its worst in the present volume, which deals with one of the most barren periods in English literature—the first forty years of the sixteenth century. How many of us could tell off-hand the literary celebrities of that barren time? Sir Thomas More was the chief of them, but his "Utopia" was written in Latin, and did not become an English classic till it was translated by Ralph Robinson about the middle of the century. England's only poet was John Skelton, whose "Lytell Treatyses," in verse, certainly had "some pith" in them, though he cut too many mad capers to be exactly a model of form. Across the Tweed the old-fashioned traditions of poetry were continued more decorously by Dunbar, and Gavin Douglas, and David Lyndesay. "The Pastime of Pleasure" was decorous enough, but even Mr. Morley is constrained to say that the author "was held by the ears when he was dipped in Helicon," a delightfully euphuistic way of saying that the excellent Hawes was an ass. Then, besides the first translators of the Scriptures, there was a secular translator of note. The "Froissart" of Lord Berners dates from the reign of Henry VIII. When we have reckoned up Barclay's "Ship of Fools" and Sir Thomas Elyot's "Governor," we have exhausted the list of notable works.

How does Mr. Morley contrive to make a volume about the English writers of such a period? The truth is that the bulk of the volume is more about them than of them. The men and the books we have mentioned are there, the incidents of their lives sympathetically detailed and accurately dated, the principal books summarised neatly and pointedly and at length, as Mr. Morley's manner is; but these short biographies and summaries are imbedded in a narrative of preceding and contemporary events, political and ecclesiastical, and of the lives and deeds of statesmen and Churchmen at home and abroad. These things may or may not have influenced such writing of English as there was, but we look elsewhere for a history of them in such detail as Mr. Morley furnishes. In his first chapter, for example, we get twenty pages about the revival of Greek studies in Italy before we come to Grocyn and Linaere and Erasmus, and, after all, their lives are sketched on very much the same scale as those of the Italian scholars and princes. Really, only one English writer in the ordinary sense of the term is spoken of in this chapter—Thomas More; he gets two pages out of the forty, and one of them is a brief biography of his patron, Cardinal Morton. Mr. Morley, however, it should be admitted, returns to Sir Thomas later on, and gives a really interesting sketch of his life. The second chapter gives a sketch of Church Reform from Wiclif to Luther, including a brief biography of John Hus. Now, it is very true that literature is an international unity, and that all things under the sun act and react one on another. The German Reformation affected the English Reformation, and the literature of the one movement affected the literature of the other. Still, there is such a thing as division of labour in history, and the history of English writers is not the history of the world. We have no doubt that the secret of Mr. Morley's method of dwelling upon collateral subjects as if they were principal, is partly the fruit of his long experience as a lecturer. He has discovered in that

way both the limits of the ordinary pupil's knowledge, and how best to appease his thirst for general information. The ordinary schoolboy of real life, who is very different in some ways from Macaulay's, knows in a vague way that the Greek Renaissance began in Italy, and somehow had a powerful influence on English literature. But his conceptions are not very definite. And when Mr. Morley tells him, with abundance of facts and dates, about the fall of Constantinople and Cosmo de Medici and Gemisthus and Chrysoloras and Argyropylos and Chalcondylas, he feels that he has received a considerable accession to his knowledge, and that now he knows all about the effect of the Revival of Letters on English. Information of this kind may be dry, but it is at least much less hard than an examination of English writers to determine how the study of Greek really did affect them, either in style, or in substance, or in character.

However, Mr. Morley has a right to his own way of writing history, and it is not to be denied that he has made as entertaining a book as is compatible with his severe purpose of conveying information. He has an eye for good sayings and anecdotes, and knows how to enliven his pages with them. We do not think, for example, that there was any call upon him as historian of English literature to give a summary of Bernard André's Latin Life of Henry VII. But he makes it the occasion for recording the growth of a very curious myth about Henry's entry into London after Bosworth. André wrote that he entered *lactanter*: Speed misread this *latenter*, and explained it to mean that he entered in a close chariot: Bacon accepted Speed's conjecture as a fact, and commented on it as characteristic of Henry's cold and haughty temper. Similarly, Theodore Gaza's life is somewhat out of place in a history of English writers; but the story of his throwing a gift of the Pope's into the Tiber, and his saying that the "fattest asses turn from the best grain," are admirably suggestive of the fiery enthusiasm of learning among the poor scholars of the Renaissance.

THE OUTCAST (NEW STYLE).

THE OUTCAST. A Rhyme for the Time. By Robert Buchanan. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

THIS is the second book published this year on the subject of Robert Buchanan. The author in both cases has been Mr. Buchanan himself, and the present volume (written in rhyme) is announced as the first of a series. Nor do we know any reason why this series should reach any end but that which presumably will be imposed—we hope at a very distant date—by Mr. Buchanan's decease. For the subject is not merely inexhaustible but of a profound and obvious interest. In the world of literature at the present day Mr. Buchanan's figure is Titanic, and has all the disadvantages which this epithet connotes. His very sublimity has offended the small race of critics who

"Creep under his huge legs and peer about;"

with the result that, to use his own language, he has

" . . . been for long
The Ishmael of modern Song—
Wild, tattered, outcast, dusty, weary,
Hated by Jacob and his kin,
Driven to the desert dark and dreary,
A rebel and a Jacobin."

Nevertheless, he does not whine: but contents himself with stating his case against the world and complaining about it. "I have had," he says, "the usual experience of original men—my worst work has been received with more or less toleration, and my best work misunderstood or neglected. . . . For nearly a generation I have suffered a constant literary persecution. Even the good Samaritans have passed me by." In his heart, we fancy, Mr. Buchanan must be secretly content with this state of things; for he has accurately gauged the worthlessness of contemporary reputations—

"Our literature has run to seed in journalism. Our poets are respectable gentlemen, who have a holy horror of martyrdom. Our novels are written for young ladies' seminaries; our men of science are fashionable physicians, printing their feeble philosophical prescriptions in the Reviews, and taking large fees for showing the poor patient, Man, that his disease is incurable. Even Herbert Spencer has sometimes drifted into this sort of Empiricism. You would find London, if you ever came to it, about the most foolish place in the Universe. . . ."

The indictment is all the more damning for being set out thus coolly and without a trace of passion. And it says wonders for his largeness of heart that he continues to love his brother authors, when they are not spoiled by prosperity. Of this he distinctly assures us: and the confession affords a clue to a large mass of his writing. But perhaps, at this point, it would be as well to inform our readers who Mr. Buchanan is.

He has written poems, novels, essays, plays. In some of his plays he has adapted the work of previous writers and, in the opinion of some, has improved upon it. In the pit of the Vaudeville Theatre, for instance, it was the opinion of many gentlemen that *Joseph's Sweetheart* marked an advance upon Henry Fielding's novel. And there are few regular attendants at the Adelphi who would willingly miss a play from our author's pen. It is melancholy to think that, while less capable and less popular playwrights are rewarded with thousands of pounds, this old favourite, who has filled the theatres for years, should receive from his clients something less than the necessary refreshment of the body. "My life," he pathetically admits, "has been a weary fight for bread"; and again—"Few men have had to struggle harder even for the merest food and air." We feel sure that the lessees and managers of the Vaudeville and Adelphi theatres will have to give some sort of reply to these statements. The time is past, whatever those gentlemen may think, when Prometheus can be left to hunger upon a rock unnoticed.

As a poet, novelist, essayist, this remarkable writer has met with even worse fortune. The reason is perfectly well known to him, and he imparts it to us with a candour highly characteristic of the man. For some years past, he tells us, a solemn league and covenant has been entered into by journalists, to coerce, intimidate, and silence all non-union men—*id est*, all men who revolt against the hideous multiplicity of cockney scandal, literary tittle-tattle, Podsnapian criticism, and noisy playing on the French horn. As if aware of the half-incredulous disgust with which Englishmen—who are generally supposed to love fair play—will learn that their critics have imported and adopted the methods of the Italian *carbonari*, Mr. Buchanan has made his accusation circumstantial. It takes the form of easy satire. Our author feigns for the moment to have conciliated his persecutors by kneeling and doing homage before the altar of Nepotism; and proceeds—

"Henceforth I shall no more resemble
Poor Gulliver when caught in slumber,
Swarmed over, prick'd, put all a tremble
By liliputians without number.
The *Saturday Review* in pride
Will throne me by great Henley's side.
The *Daily News* sounds my *Te Deum*
Despite the Devil and *Athenaeum*;
Tho' Watts may triple his innuendoes,
And Swinburne shriek in sharp crescendoes,
The merry Critics all will pat me,
The merry Bards bob smiling at me,
All Cockneydom with crowns of roses
Salute my last apotheosis!
For (let me whisper in your ear!)
Of Criticism I've now no fear,
Since, knowing that the press might evil,
I've joined the Critics' Club—the *Savile*!
And standing pledged to say things pleasant
Of all my friends, from Lang to Besant,
With many others, not forgetting
Our schoolroom classic, Stevenson.
I look for puffs, and praise, and petting,
From my new brethren, every one."

This is light *persiflage*, of course. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say—though Mr. Buchanan says it—that he will never sell his birthright of manly

independence even to hear Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Walter Besant sing *Te Deum laudamus* in his ear. Nay, he is ready to wager that this new poem of his will either be universally boycotted or torn into shreds; and that its purpose will be misunderstood; and that, above all, it will be impeached on the ground of its morality. Yet it is a live thing, part of the very seed of Mr. Buchanan's living soul, and he would read every line of it to the woman he loved—a severe test.

If the present writer is hardly prepared to go that length, Mr. Buchanan must forgive him. But there appears no reason for boycotting the poem or impeaching it on the ground of morality. The office of criticism, however, is to discover and point out the merits of a work of art: and in this case the reviewer finds his work very kindly taken out of his hands at every turn by Mr. Buchanan himself. After all, nobody can know so much about a book as the man who has written it: and we look forward to a day when Mr. Buchanan's habit of writing "appreciations" of his own books will be imitated by the majority of English authors. If we may make a single suggestion, however, it is that these "appreciations" might with advantage be removed from the body of the work (when they are apt to trip up the reader's interest) and printed in an appendix by themselves. Of the illustrations we will only say that they diversify the story in a very pleasing manner, for while Mr. Buchanan persistently describes Vanderdecken's vessel as a barque, Mr. Hume Nisbet persistently draws it as a brig.

Some authors are popular: others are unappreciated. And hitherto all unappreciated authors have desired popularity. But we have two gentlemen amongst us at present who, while enjoying immense popularity, yearn tearfully for the dignified torture of general misconception. Oddly enough, these two gentlemen are playwrights. We refer, of course, to Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Jones's case is still beyond our understanding: for if he despises the large profits which accrue from the composition of popular dramas, he has only (we should have thought) to write a few that are above people's heads. Mr. Buchanan's case, on the other hand, has our warmest sympathy. He is the idol of pit and gallery, and yet (he confesses) can barely earn enough to eat. But, after all, what has this to do with the public, which pay for admission to the Adelphi as well as for admission to the Haymarket? It seems to us that his remedy lies in an appeal to Messrs. Gatti, who, by the way, have an excellent restaurant on their premises.

NINE MUSES.

MICHAEL VILLIERS, IDEALIST, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. H. Hickey. London: Smith, Elder.

IN THE VALHALLA. By J. Y. Geddes. Dundee: Leng & Co.

THE MARCH OF MAN. By Alfred Hayes. THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY. By T. B. Aldrich. DAPHNE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Frederick Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co.

AMORIS IMAGO. By W. G. Hole. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTH. By J. B. O'Hara. London: Ward, Lock.

GLEANNINGS. By E. L. Tomlin. London: Longmans.

A LIGHT LOAD. By Dolly Radford. London: Elkin Mathews.

"WERE the grapes ripe of which this wine was brewed?" This question Miss Hickey asks regarding her own poetry in the dedication to her new volume; and this is the test we mean to apply, so far as our limitations will allow, to these nine volumes.

The first three are informed by the new spirit. Michael Villiers, the heir to estates in England and Ireland, becomes a practical Socialist, because

"We want no leisured class, but leisured men
Who win their leisure from the heart of work."

The growth of Michael's opinions is described in conversations which contain many fine images, pregnant thoughts, and glowing passages of indignation at injustice. The story of the hero's birth,

in the first portion, is good narrative; but the love-making between him and Luey Vere is as artificial as if it were a direct transcript from life. Miss Hickey's thought is ripe. Her fine comment on the new understanding of Christ's life, which is most widely known through Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man under Socialism," shows that her ideas are advanced; but the feeling is sometimes immature. While there is great depth of sympathy with the maternal passion, sexual love is refined away. This does not apply to "Autographs," a piece in parts as passionate as Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It is the best of Miss Hickey's poems; her feeling here is as ripe as her thought: she is strong with a strong subject.

We would like to quote largely from Mr. Geddes' book. The Distinguished Traveller, not always inclined to share publicity with any one, who "informed the Supreme that if he were relieved he would mention the fact in the newspapers;" the regret of the modern Lazarus for the Dives of old, who "came not out to lecture him on thrift;" and the many daring witticisms in "Thrift," and "Glendale & Co.," are likely to give "In the Valhalla" a wide popularity. Mr. Geddes' conventional measures and subjects are not quite successful; but "Glendale & Co.," in which the deep chest-notes of Whitman are curiously echoed in high-pitched, detached utterances, as of an indignant jingle, is a good, critical parody of the American poet, as well as a trenchant satire on our industrial system.

Although "The March of Man" has rather a repellent title, suggestive of stump oratory, and although its catch-word is "All for All," and the word progress appears wearing a capital, Mr. Hayes' principal poem, written in sonorous blank verse, contains an interesting presentation of the thoughts and feelings of a fine mind and a sympathetic nature confronted with our social problems; but "The Sempstress and the Skylark," a poem twenty lines long, of the purest pathos, is worth the whole hundred and forty pages of "The March of Man."

Mr. T. Bailey Aldrich's volume is the ripest of the nine. After the smoky air, noisy with hammers and wheels, with social turbulence and political strife, one breathes freely again among the non-economic human passions of Mr. Aldrich's dramatic romances. Two sisters loving one man is a subject of perennial interest, and has attracted four such diverse writers as Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Tennyson. It is no small commendation of Mr. Aldrich's "Sisters' Tragedy" to say that he sees a new and wonderful sidelight on his subject. "Pauline Pavlovna" is as subtle and soul-searching a piece of work as we have read for a long time. "Mercedes," a story of Spanish vengeance, borders on the horrible; Mr. Aldrich seems to have felt this, for it is written in prose. The lyrical pieces in various moods have that indefinable charm in presence of which criticism sheathes its pen and enjoys.

What are we to say of the new volume of Mr. Frederick Tennyson's pleasant, flowing, but garrulous and belated poems? Our main difficulty is that we cannot read them. There are over fifteen thousand lines of loose blank verse, and we take credit to ourselves for having gone through the title-poem. "Daphne, root-bound, that fled Apollo"—why, in the name of the nine Muses, should she be ravished from her sea-green laurel, to appear as a little English village maiden dreaming of the young squire (Apollo) and of her marriage and presentation at a drawing-room in Olympus? It is a pity Mr. Tennyson chose Greek subjects for his English idylls.

Mr. Hole's "Menarchus" is an artistic treatment of classical matter. He seems to have formed his style on the Laureate's earlier blank verse, the conclusion of his title-poem having much of the ring of "Ulysses." His ballads, "Sir Hernanden of Kroll" and "Barbara Gray," have great merit. Mr. Hole's reputation remains stationary at the height to which his first volume, "Proeris," lifted it at once. He is a

writer of much poetical power, who knows how to blot; but he has yet to find the subject which will show him at his best.

Mr. O'Hara's "Songs of the South" come from the land where spring begins in our autumn. His first poetic efforts, as he tells us himself, they are full of promise. For the form, there is a felicitous use of several measures, and a plenitude of poetic expression; and for the matter, as becomes a young poet, sunrise and sunset, and the sights and sounds of woodland and bush, supply him with ever-changing pictures and thoughts. He is strongest at present in description. The Australian spring is his main subject.

"In the yellow year cometh the lady October;
The streams sing her glory, the high heavens robe her
With mornings of sun-glow, with noontides of lustre,
With sweet flowing moons where the white planets cluster."

But he strikes a note of pathos in "A Memory," and his "Cattle-drovers" keeps close to every-day life. His songs are flower, rather than fruit; but there is every prospect of a rich harvest in the fulness of time.

Mr. E. L. Tomlin's "Gleanings" is a great advance on his former volume. His gift has ripened wonderfully. "A Church Legend" is sharply etched; "Over a Cradle" tells a common tragedy with a dramatic force that makes it significant; and "The Southern Cross" blends colour and sound as a master might. We may expect important work from Mr. Tomlin.

Woman's love for her lover, for her husband, for her children, are sung in Mrs. Radford's "Light Load" with a happy earnestness, into which sometimes a low note of melancholy strikes harmoniously. These poems must please poets—delicate, sweet, like a disembodied, but quite human, voice singing in the air. We do not think of them either as fruit or flower; it is perfume Dolly Radford has gathered, and it comes o'er our senses

"like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

FICTION.

1. MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By Richard Pryce. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
2. BEGGARS ALL. By L. Dougall. One vol. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

It would be quite impossible to do justice to Mr. Pryce's last novel by merely giving a sketch of the plot. There is nothing in the bare outline of the story to attract any attention; it is a story which has been told a hundred times; its materials seem old enough and conventional enough to be hopeless. Yet it is seldom nowadays that a reviewer comes across a better novel than "Miss Maxwell's Affections"; the story is old, but it takes new life under the hands of an artist: its incidents are simple and frequently trivial, but its characters are the conceptions of no ordinary mind and delineated with no ordinary skill. The heroine has many lovers, of whom two are important, a poor man whom she loves, who is sent away from her by an exceedingly simple falsehood told by her worldly guardian, and a rich man whom, in the absence of her lover, she finally promises to marry. Both men love her sincerely; the poor man, now freed from poverty, returns in time to discover the falsehood and to prevent her marriage with his rival. It is not in the barren conventionalities of the plot that one finds the charm of the book; on the contrary, they might provoke a certain amount of censure, were it not for the feeling which one has that Mr. Pryce has selected them deliberately, as if he were determined to show us what an artist could do with the least promising materials.

Miss Maxwell, the heroine of the story, is not an uncommon type in real life. She has her faults and her vanities; she has also her deep feelings, although she counterfeits them before she discovers their existence. Mr. Pryce has only cared to represent an

ordinary human being; to succeed in such a representation requires power and insight to a quite unusual degree; and the successful representation is never uninteresting. Most of us have met women very much like Miss Maxwell; but we have seldom read of them in stories. The average novelist cannot create a heroine without thinking about propriety; as a rule, he worships propriety; his heroine is a beautiful jelly-fish, of low vitality, guided by the current of perfect propriety into a perfectly commonplace matrimonial conclusion. Occasionally he despises propriety, and, under the name of realism, becomes merely unpleasant. Neither method is the method of Mr. Pryce: his taste is good, but he can leave it to take care of itself; he is not constantly conscious of it. He concentrates himself upon the sketch of the ordinary woman as she really is—neither the puppet of propriety nor the defier of decency, but a sentient human being. She never loses her hold upon the interest and sympathies of the reader.

It is easily possible to find fault with the novel. There are pages where description is completely overdone. George Brabant is rather a stage-like, melodramatic character. The conclusion does not quite succeed in hiding the fact that it is a concession to the requirements of the common circulating-library intelligence. But there is an artistic quality in the work for which one may well pardon something. It rarely happens that a reviewer of fiction goes to a task and finds a pleasure; but this was the case with Mr. Pryce's new novel, and we are not ungrateful.

"Beggars All" is another book which stands above the average of the modern novel. It is in the best sense realistic. Some parts of it are amateurish and overstrained; but, as a whole, it is undeniably interesting and in parts enthralling. The hero is one of those characters for which the public have always had an affection; they love the detective whom no one would ever imagine to be a detective; similarly, in this volume, they will feel a sympathetic interest in a burglar who is far above the ordinary run of burglars, who burglarises on principle, who is full of the most lovable and delightful qualities. The main idea of the character is not new; but it is well worked out in these pages. The heroine is a more original and more pleasing sketch. The most striking scene in the book is that where she discovers that her husband, who has been an affectionate and admirable husband, who has taken care of her invalid mother and sister, is in reality a burglar. This scene is a test of the author's power, and nowhere in the book does she appear to better advantage. The mystery of the first part of the book is well managed: it is subservient to the main interest; it is not allowed to become irritating. The story never degenerates into the stupid puzzles of detective fiction. It is in the selection of details, in the choice of a word, or in an unnecessary insistence on an obvious point that one seems to trace the hand of a beginner. These are faults which time and practice will remedy. The absence of a sense of humour is more likely to be fatal to ultimate success. But the author has undoubted power and considerable originality; and "Beggars All" is distinctly a readable book.

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Being an increase over the amount paid in Bonuses in 1889 of - -	98,899

THE MUTUAL OF NEW YORK is a purely Mutual Company, and there are no Shareholders to absorb any of its profits, while the accumulated Funds and Surplus all belong to the Insured. At the same time there is no liability to the Policy-holder whatever beyond the payment of Premium named in his Policy.

ACTUAL RESULTS.

A LARGE BONUS.

The Company have recently forwarded to the holder of Policy No. 278,127 a cheque for **£1,099 13s. 6d.** in payment of the cash value of the Bonus for 1891, the policy being for £10,000, and issued in 1886, on the five year distribution plan. This return is equal to an annual cash bonus of **£2 4s. 0d. per cent.** Many of these policies are reaching the bonus period with results very gratifying to the Insured.

ORDINARY POLICIES.

The Bonuses declared on the Company's Whole Life New Distribution Policies of only five years' standing range from £1 19s. 1d. to £3 12s. 7d., according to age.

The total payments to Policy-holders to December, 1890, amounted to £63,469,822, of which upwards of **£16,500,000** were bonus payments—more than **twice the amount of Bonuses** paid by any other Company.

The New Six per Cent. Consol Policy now being issued by the Company is specially devised to meet the requirements of people of means, to whom a good investment may be of more moment than Life Insurance. This Policy meets both requirements.

Head Office for the United Kingdom:

17 and 18, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager.